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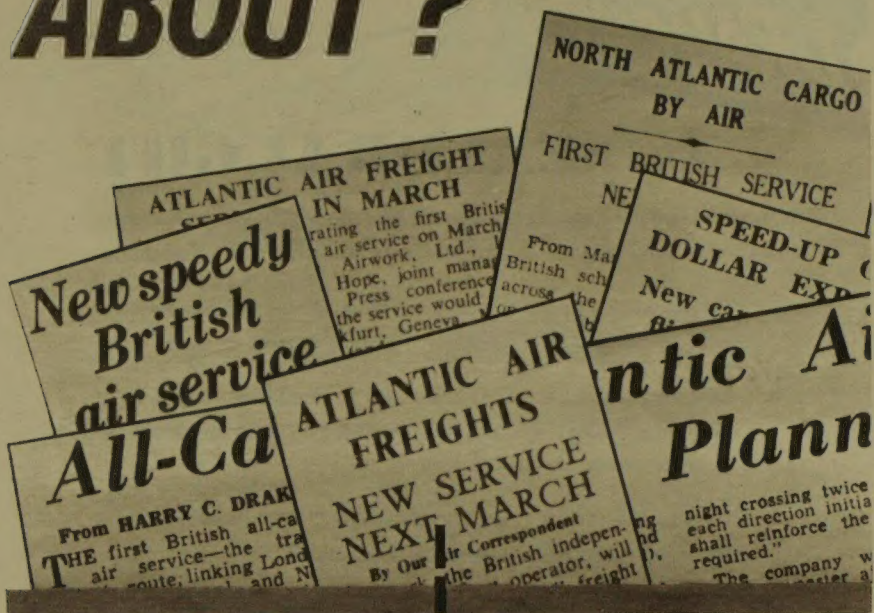
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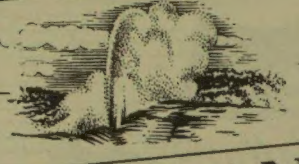
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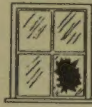
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From the very first glance the new Daimler Regency Mk II is clearly a car into which has gone a great deal of thought and craftsmanship. To take your seat in it is to confirm your first impression. You are at once aware of quality all around you—soft leather, polished walnut, deep pile carpets... Satisfaction deepens as you sense, rather than feel, the high-powered engine leap to life at a touch. For all its luxury, its roominess, its dignity, the Regency is a fast car, capable of well over ninety miles an hour. This high performance is of course coupled with the smoothness, manoeuvrability and perfect road holding inherent in a Daimler.

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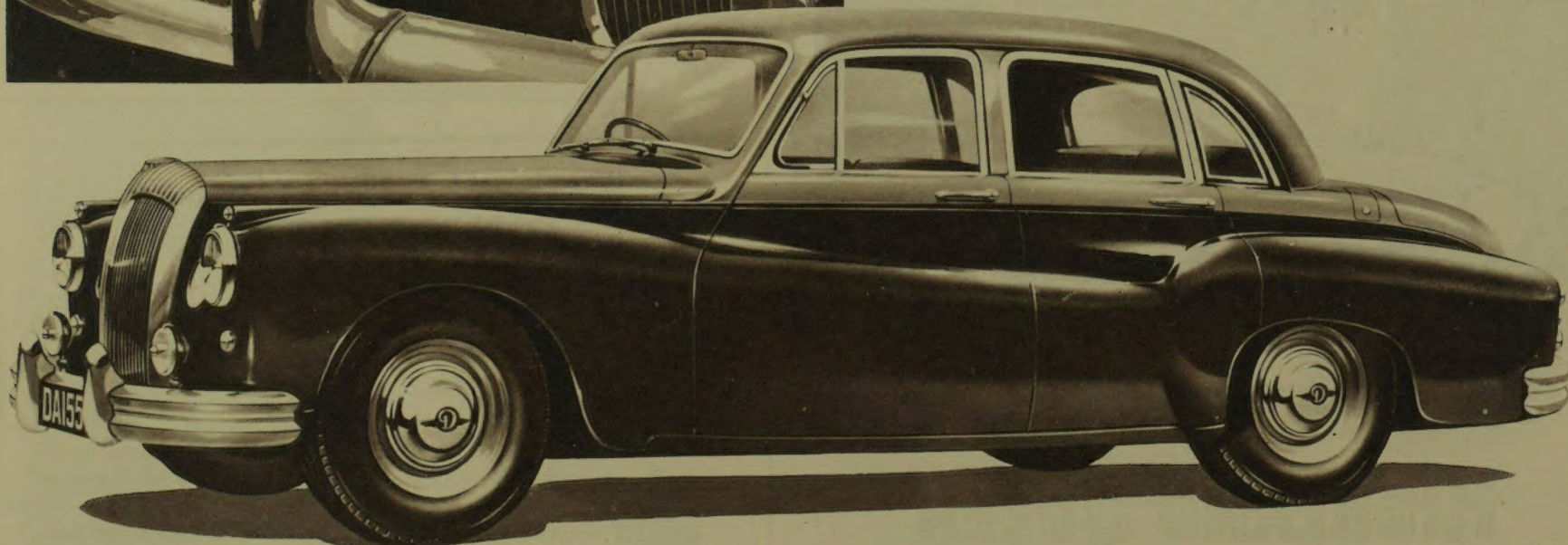
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1955.



THE BLOCKING OF THE SUEZ CANAL: THE INTERLOCKED WRECKAGE OF THE TANKER WORLD PEACE AND THE EL FERDAN BRIDGE LYING ATHWART THE WATERWAY AFTER THE COLLISION, AND SHIPS HELD UP BY THE ACCIDENT.

On December 31, 1954, the Suez Canal was blocked by the worst accident in its eighty-five years of history. The tanker *World Peace* (10,892 gross tons), laden with crude oil, ran aground after colliding with one of the piers of the El Ferdan swing bridge. The impact caused the metal structure of one of the wings to fall on the ship's deck; and the wreckage of bridge and vessel blocked the waterway, which carries an average of thirty-six ships a day.

On January 3 the Canal was open again. The section of the bridge lying on the deck (some 50 tons of metal) was cut by oxy-acetylene equipment from the rest of the span. The remainder, which projected from *World Peace's* hull to the pier, was towed away after it had been raised by sinking two barges underneath and then pumping the water from them. The accident is understood to have been caused by a breakdown in the steering-gear of *World Peace*.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SOME weeks ago a letter appeared in one of our leading intellectual weeklies complaining that Sir Oliver Franks, in his brilliant and deeply original Reith lectures, had dismissed in a few sentences the idea of Britain ceasing voluntarily to be a Great Power. "I myself find the prospect," the writer explained, "of leading 'a quiet life on our island, democratic, contented and reasonably industrious,' quite attractive. Being a Great Power means that sooner or later you are involved in war, and war these days is no joke. Whereas if you are another Switzerland war passes you by and nobody interferes with you. Do not the Swiss 'have a say about their destiny'? Do they 'leave it to be decided by others'? A Great Power, Sir Oliver says, has a certain range of choice and manoeuvre in world affairs and can take part in decisions affecting the course of history. A Great Power can by its actions affect the fate of other Great Powers. Is there much point in being able to manoeuvre in world affairs if it brings H-bombs on your towns? Why should we want to affect the course of history and the fate of other Great Powers? Why cannot we, with Voltaire, cultivate our own garden and let others cultivate theirs? Sir Oliver says that almost all of us take for granted this view of Britain continuing as a Great Power but in view of the catastrophic nature of a future war I wonder whether I am alone in my doubts."*

I am sure that the writer of this letter is an honest, able and sincere man; his letter bears the stamp of one who is all these things. Nor, as he says, is he alone in the viewpoint that his letter represents. Yet it contains so many unconscious half-truths that obscure the truth that I feel it is worth examining. Because Switzerland is not a Great Power, it implies, the Swiss have not been involved in war and have so led without interruption "a quiet life . . . democratic, contented and reasonably industrious." But is this, in fact, the only or even principal reason why Switzerland has twice escaped the horror of modern war? If it is, can the writer of the letter explain why other countries, no less politically "minor" in wish and fact, no less peace-loving and no less democratic, were so tragically unsuccessful in avoiding, not only the horrors of war that befell us in this voluntarily belligerent island, but far worse ones? Was Belgium, which was twice invaded in a quarter of a century and occupied for ten years of that time by foreign armies, a Great Power? Or was Yugoslavia, which twice suffered an almost identically similar fate? Was Finland? Was Greece? Was Albania? Was Holland? Was Denmark? Was Norway? Or was Latvia or Lithuania or Esthonia, all of whose democratic leaders were carried off to Siberian concentration camps to die in squalor, agony and slavery? Did the people of these countries have much "say about their destiny"? How many small, peace-loving nations that had no claim or wish to be regarded as Great Powers escaped being invaded by Germany, Russia, Italy or Japan in the late war or enjoyed the exceptional good fortune of Switzerland? Was not the real reason why the Swiss escaped invasion a purely fortuitous and geographical one? And does anybody suppose that, if Nazi Germany had won the war and established its barbaric and intolerant system throughout the Continent, the Swiss would have been free to give a rein to their democratic instincts to shelter refugees, allow equality of civil rights to Jews, or permit freedom of criticism in their Press of their all-powerful neighbours? The world, after all, is one and indivisible, and one cannot contract out of it just because one happens to be democratic, contented and reasonably industrious. If its control passes to a thug or a race-maniac, one has to do as the thug commands, however liberal one's sentiments. Otherwise one goes to the torture-cell or a concentration camp. Our neighbours the French discovered this when, in the middle of a painful war, they suddenly decided that they would be better off if they gave up

their claim to be a Great Power and contracted out of the hurly-burly. But they merely found that by doing so they had taken the road to Buchenwald!

There are other considerations that the writer of this letter ignores. There is that, for instance, of honour. I can almost hear the contemptuous snort with which this old-fashioned and outmoded word will be greeted by those who share his views! "Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. . . . What is honour? A word. What is in that word honour? What is that honour? Air—a trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died a Wednesday." And so on! Yet I have a shrewd suspicion, perhaps mistaken, that the writer of the letter was a great decrifier of "appeasement," and thought very ill of Mr. Chamberlain when he tried to wash his hands

of the Czechs and their remote affairs. Certainly a great many people were who were violently opposed to this country making any pretence of being a Great Power or even to her possessing arms to defend herself. They were quite prepared to advocate impotence for Britain so long as there was nothing for Britain to defend about which they felt personal moral scruples. But the moment a hapless democratic people with whom they sympathised experienced the aggressor's lash, they became passionate in scorn against those who advocated a policy of "non-intervention" or "appeasement." They were unconscious, of course, of their own inconsistency in this. Yet cannot we, looking back in calm recollection over the events of the last twenty years, see a little more clearly and be a little more logical? It is no use having chivalrous, decent, compassionate feelings towards the oppressed and detesting the oppressor unless one is prepared to do something about it. Was Britain really wrong to liberate Greece and Belgium, Norway and France, Denmark and Holland? And what would be the fate to-day of their "contented and reasonably industrious" democracies had we not done so?

There is another point that arises out of this letter. It may seem a small one. Yet if it came to the point—the hungry point of belly—it might seem rather an important one to us. "I mind my belly very studiously," said Dr. Johnson, "and I look upon it that he who will not mind his belly will scarcely mind anything else!" Are the people of Switzerland under an inescapable obligation to export a major portion of their manufactures to the rest of the world or starve for lack of food and raw materials? Yet that is the hard, inescapable lot of the people of this island, "democratic, contented and reasonably industrious" though they may be. They would not, one suspects, be very contented if their foreign food-imports suddenly stopped, even though they might become rather more industrious.

During the nineteenth century, because we were a Great Power with trading interests all over the world, protected in the last resort by the guns of the Royal Navy and the garrisons and punitive expeditions of the British and Indian Armies, we were able to build up a far larger population in this small island than our own fields could supply with food or than our own raw materials could give employment for. Whether we were wise to do so, or whether it was a morally defensible proceeding, has become, so far as our present situation is concerned, irrelevant. The fact is that we did, and, whether we like it or not, our material circumstances are still governed by the conditions created by our hard-working, prolific, free-trading and strong-Navy-conscious grandfathers and great-grandfathers. We have still got to trade successfully and import as they did, or not live at all. If we cease to be a world-trading Power, half our people will have to migrate or starve. Already, with the decline of our wealth and power in the East, we are beginning to feel the pinch; witness the present price of tea! It seems, perhaps, unkind to labour these points, but we live in a world where human wickedness and economic necessity are still realities and are likely to remain so, so long as we live in it and for a good deal longer.



CREATED A BARON IN THE NEW YEAR'S HONOURS LIST: PROFESSOR EDGAR DOUGLAS ADRIAN, O.M., MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, SINCE 1951; PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY SINCE 1950; AND FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY. Professor Adrian, who was President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1954, is sixty-five. He was educated at Westminster; Trinity College, Cambridge; and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, becoming a Fellow of Trinity in 1913. From 1929 until 1937 he was Foulerton Research Professor of the Royal Society and was awarded the Royal Medal of the Royal Society in 1934 and the Gold Medal in 1950. During his long and distinguished career he has been honoured by many scientific bodies throughout Europe and America, and is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Among his publications are "The Basis of Sensation," 1928; "The Mechanism of Nervous Action," 1932; and "The Physical Basis of Perception," 1947.



SPARED BY THE MAU MAU TERRORISTS WHO BURNT DOWN HER FARM: MRS. ANNE CARNELLEY AND HER TWO CHILDREN (LEFT), DAVID (2½) AND JANE (1½). MRS. CARNELLEY PLEADED WITH THE TERRORISTS FOR HER CHILDREN'S LIVES FOR ABOUT HALF-AN-HOUR, SPEAKING SWAHILI.



THE BURNT-OUT RUINS OF OLIVE TREE FARM AT NORTH KINANGOP, SIXTY MILES NORTH OF NAIROBI, AFTER THE ATTACK BY FORTY TO FIFTY ARMED MAU MAU TERRORISTS. ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE GANG EVENTUALLY ALLOWED MRS. CARNELLEY TO GO AWAY, BAREFOOT, WITH HER TWO CHILDREN.

A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN MAU MAU TERRORISM: A WOMAN AND HER TWO CHILDREN SPARED DURING AN ATTACK ON A FARM.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon of December 28, while her husband, Mr. Lovat Carnelley, was away at Naivasha shopping, Mrs. Carnelley had just given their tea to her two children, David (2½) and Jane (1½), when her farm, Olive Tree Farm, North Kinangop, was attacked by an armed Mau Mau gang, forty to fifty strong. She ran out with the children and fired one shot, but then her pistol jammed. Several shots missed them and they hid in some bushes. The children's cries revealed them to the terrorists, the most aggressive of whom, armed with a carving knife, was apparently drunk. Another terrorist, however,

pushed him aside and took command, and with him Mrs. Carnelley pleaded in Swahili for about half an hour. Finally this leader said that since she was a woman with children she might go, but that she must get on the first aircraft to Britain. Her shoes had been taken away, but she was allowed to go and set off, carrying the children, to a neighbouring farm, and eventually she met some neighbours. Meanwhile, the gang burnt the farm to the ground and attacked the labour lines, killing one African. Both Mr. and Mrs. Carnelley are Kenya-born, and have lived in the neighbourhood for most of their lives.

THE FASTEST MAN ON EARTH, A NEW PIER FOR NEW YORK, AND THE SALE OF BUSH HOUSE.



DESCRIBED AS "THE WORLD'S MOST MODERN PIER": NEW YORK'S NEW MUNICIPAL PIER 57 (CENTRE), RECENTLY OPENED AND NOW IN USE BY THE GRACE LINE.



THE ROOF OF NEW YORK'S NEW PIER 57, SHOWING THE AREA WHICH CAN BE USED FOR HELICOPTER LANDINGS OR FOR THE STORAGE OF AUTOMOBILES AND OTHER GOODS.

On December 28 a new Pier 57 was opened on New York's North River frontage, which replaces one destroyed by fire in September 1947. This new pier will be used by the Grace Line for their services between New York and the Caribbean and South America. Its approximate cost was 12,000,000 dollars, and the superstructure, which was begun in May 1953, was completed in 314 working days. It incorporates many innovations, notably the storage and helicopter-landing roof, with an area of 80,000 square ft.



PREPARING TO TRAVEL AT 632 M.P.H. ON LAND AND THEN STOP IN $1\frac{1}{2}$ SECS.: LIEUT.-COLONEL J. P. STAPP BEING STRAPPED INTO THE ROCKET SLED AT ALAMOGORDO.



THE ROCKET SLED STOPPING AFTER TRAVELLING 2800 FT. AT 632 M.P.H.: THE CONCLUSION OF THE EXPERIMENT IN WHICH COLONEL STAPP'S WORST INJURIES WERE TWO BLACK EYES.

On December 10 Lieut.-Colonel John C. Stapp of the U.S. Air Force broke his own land speed record of 421 m.p.h. (set up last summer) when he travelled 2800 ft. at 632 m.p.h. on a rocket sled at the U.S. Air Development Centre at Alamogordo, New Mexico. Furthermore, though wearing no special armourplate or uniform, he came to a stop in $1\frac{1}{2}$ secs., his only injuries being some blood blisters and two black eyes "acquired when his eyes were thrown forward against his eyelids during the deceleration period."



BOUGHT FROM AMERICA BY BRITISH INTERESTS: BUSH HOUSE, ONE OF LONDON'S MOST IMPRESSIVE OFFICE BUILDINGS, SEEN FROM THE AIR. [Aerial photograph by Aerofilms.]

It was announced on December 29 that the London merchant bankers, S. G. Warburg and Co. Ltd., had negotiated the purchase for £2,500,000 from its American owners of Bush House, in Aldwych, one of the most imposing office buildings in London. It comprises a good deal of Aldwych—in fact, most of the large block lying between Australia House and the old Gaiety block. The transaction has



THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF BUSH HOUSE, FACING UP KINGSWAY. THE STATUARY REPRESENTS BRITAIN HANDING ON THE TORCH TO AMERICA.

been financed, it is understood, by the use of security sterling, no dollars being involved. The central block was finished in 1923, the remainder taking about twelve years more to complete. It was designed by the late Mr. Harvey Corbett, of New York, and was one of the first in London to have the system of "open floors," i.e., with no permanent internal walls.

"OPERATION MAILDROP", A MISSILE, A FIRE, AND STATESMEN IN FRANCE, BOTH REAL AND WAX.



(ABOVE.) DROPPING A CHRISTMAS TREE TO THE WEATHER RECORDER: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THROUGH THE BOMB DOOR OF AN R.A.F. SHACKLETON JUST AFTER THE CANISTER HAD BEEN RELEASED.

The men on duty in the weather ship *Weather Recorder* were not forgotten at Christmastime. On Christmas Eve an R.A.F. *Shackleton* engaged in "Operation Maildrop" dropped canisters containing mail and a Christmas tree to the waiting vessel, 300 miles south of Iceland. The ship was due to leave her station on New Year's Day to return to her base at Greenock.



UP-TO-THE-MOMENT EQUIPMENT IN MISSISSIPPI, THE U.S. NAVY'S OLDEST VESSEL IN ACTIVE SERVICE: THE "TERRIER" GUIDED MISSILE ON ITS TWIN LAUNCHER. The veteran thirty-seven-year-old U.S.S. *Mississippi*, which served in World War I, as a ship of line, has been refitted as an experimental gunnery ship equipped to fire the latest guided missiles and rockets. The "Terrier" is a guided surface-to-air missile on a twin launcher.

(RIGHT.) A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY ON DEC. 30 AS DEPUTIES AWAITED THE COUNTING OF THE VOTE WHICH RESULTED IN APPROVAL OF GERMAN REARMAMENT.

Late on the evening of Dec. 30 the French National Assembly in Paris passed the motion of confidence on the Bill approving Western European Union and the armaments control agency by 287 votes to 260. Thus four years of hesitation on the part of various French Governments over the thorny question of German rearmament were ended, and the last stage of the legislation to ratify the London and Paris agreements had been passed. The Council of the Republic will consider the agreements some time in the New Year.



ABLAZE AT SINGAPORE: THE DANISH FREIGHTER, *LEXA MAERSK*, PHOTOGRAPHED IN SINGAPORE HARBOUR AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FIRE WHICH BROKE OUT ON CHRISTMAS DAY. On Christmas Day, some hours before she was due to sail, the Danish freighter *Lexa Maersk* caught fire in Singapore Harbour. The vessel had a cargo of rubber on board, and as it was impossible to bring the flames under control she was evacuated and towed into the outer roads, where she was left to burn out. Despite a bad list to port, she was still afloat on December 27, when it was hoped that she would hold together until next day and cool sufficiently to be beached.



THE STATESMAN WHO WAS MAINLY RESPONSIBLE FOR GETTING THE QUESTION OF GERMAN REARMAMENT APPROVED BY THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: M. MENDÈS-FRANCE, WHOSE WAX EFFIGY (CENTRE) HAS BEEN PLACED IN THE GREVIN MUSEUM, PARIS, NEXT TO (L. TO R.) PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, M. COTY AND MR. MALENKOV.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE HOLE THAT JOCK MADE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

way of quickly finding that very little. A few years ago we put a hedgehog in a part of the garden enclosed in a high wire fence. Hedgehogs can climb wire fences, we knew, but this one was fairly high, so we went round the 200 feet or so of wire forming the fence, securing it at ground-level. It was a long and arduous task, but we kept to it and having finished the pegging down we made a tour of inspection. We particularly

That hedgehog had plenty of food, space to roam in, dried grass to sleep in. All it lacked was its liberty, and in the hours of darkness it had smelt and felt for the only possible exit, short of climbing the wire, in some 200 ft. of fence. We could, of course, argue that it was the pull of its homing instinct or the force exerted by previous habit that caused it to seek escape. Or it could be coincidence that brought it in its searchings to the only point of escape.

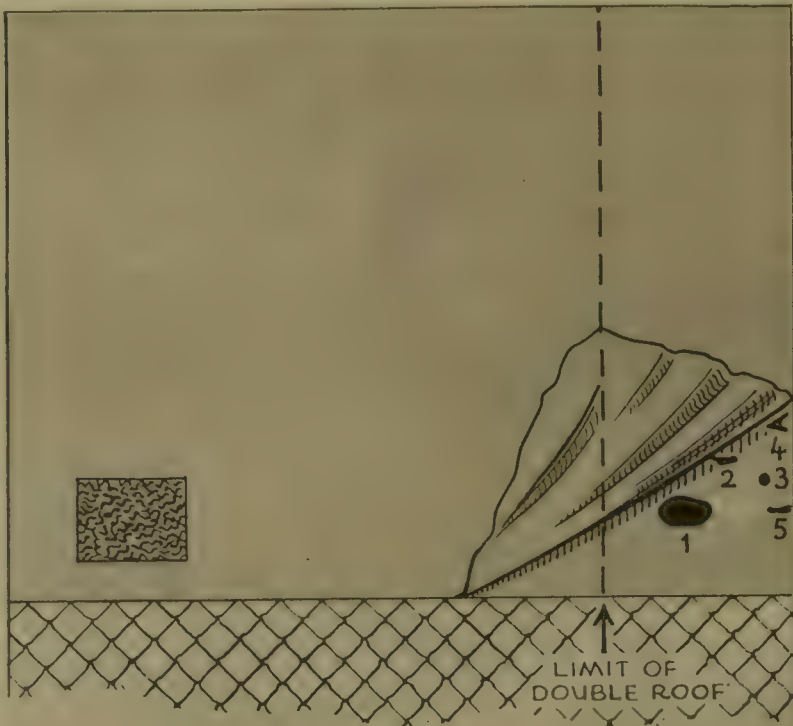
I have always been struck by the way an insect, imprisoned in a corked glass tube the better to watch its actions, will quickly walk to the corked end and explore round the edge of the cork where it is in contact with the glass. It is as if the insect recognised the most hopeful line to pursue. It could be argued that at this point there may be slight air movements through the spaces between the cork and the glass, or a temperature gradient appreciable through the insect's delicate senses. When we first put a tiger beetle into its prison it did much the same. This was the beetle whose antics were described on this page several years ago. Its prison consisted of a fair sized photographic dish, with sand spread over its floor, and a sheet of glass over the top which left a small space for air to percolate through. Almost the first thing the tiger beetle did was to creep round and round the perimeter where the glass joined the top of the dish. It seldom did this once it had settled down. As I say, it may all be coincidence.

Our dog, *Jason*, is no exception to the general rule that it is extremely difficult to prevent a dog breaking out. I have spent many hours, since he first joined our household, in putting up dog-proof fences or repairing those already in existence. Now we have a complete fence round the perimeter of the garden and an inner fence, with seven gates into various parts of the garden. There is a third "fence"—the knowledge we have inculcated in *Jason* that any part of the garden beyond the inner fence is forbidden to him. It has not always been as easy as this sounds. While the fences were being erected, if there was the slightest loophole left, any weakness in the defences, *Jason* would find it almost before our backs were turned. As to that third "fence,"

the invisible one dependent upon training, it works as long as you are there to enforce it. Leave one of the seven gates shut but unlatched, and go indoors, and you will find *Jason* through and searching the outer fence for a weak spot. A few weeks ago I removed a pile of logs from the side of a lean-to shed which forms part of the inner fencing system. One of the boards in the side of the shed was loose, although it looked secure. It was *Jason* who found this out a few minutes later. That dog has more food than he can eat, and every comfort any dog could desire, but the search for liberty is perpetual.

And what of *Jock*? He has left us. Following a night of gales I made a tour of the aviaries to see that all was well. When I came to *Jock's* aviary he was hopping from branch to branch as usual. An hour later he was gone. At one end the aviary was roofed with wood covered with a canvas. In the gale one corner of the canvas had been blown back, and I had not noticed it. *Jock* had; and he had carved a hole through the boards and was gone. I said earlier that he had pecked the framework of the aviary in places, but nowhere was the damage serious. Under

the wooden roof it was far less than elsewhere, and in no place was the roof pecked except where it was uncovered by the canvas. The latter, moreover, was undamaged. The woodpecker, having refrained from pecking the roof for months, had carved a hole through the only point of escape the moment it had offered—the escape took place some two hours after it became possible. Was this coincidence? Or was it that *Jock* had all he desired—except his liberty?



THE TOP OF JOCK'S AVIARY: A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE CORNER OF THE CANVAS BLOWN BACK BY THE GALE—WHICH MOVED THE ANCHORING BREEZE-BLOCK OUT OF POSITION—AND THE HOLE WHICH THE WOODPECKER MADE AND THROUGH WHICH IT ESCAPED.

The position of the canvas and its anchoring breeze-block on the top of *Jock's* aviary were altered by the photographer, who was concentrating on the best view of the escape-hole (see photograph). The situation of this hole, as shown in the diagram (No. 1) is the more remarkable since the wooden roof is untouched except at the exposed corner where, in addition to the actual escape-hole, four other holes (Nos. 2 to 5 on diagram) were started; for two of these the bill had to be driven through wire mesh, and they were probably abandoned for this reason. The wire netting shown in the diagram represents the front of the cage; on the roof (left) is one of the breeze-blocks; the other which was moved by the wind is hidden by the upturned canvas.



THE HOLE THAT JOCK MADE: THE TOP OF THE AVIARY SHOWING THE POINT AT WHICH DR. BURTON'S TAME GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER MADE HIS ESCAPE.

After living for several months, apparently quite contentedly and making no attempt to escape, the woodpecker made his exit one morning following a gale. At one end of the top of the aviary was a wooden roof covered with a canvas sheet, held in position by breeze-blocks. The wind turned up one corner of the canvas, moving the breeze-block out of position. Through this exposed portion of the wooden roof the bird pecked its way to liberty within an hour or two of dawn. [Photograph by Humphrey Gull.]

wanted to make observations on this hedgehog before releasing it; the purpose need not concern us here. The important thing at the moment was that the hedgehog was gone the next morning and at one point the bottom of the wire had been heaved up into an arch of 3 ins. span. We went round the fence again and found that this was the only possible point at which the wire could have been lifted and the urchin must have strained at it even here to pass under it.

SOME years ago I had the privilege of listening to a learned judge delivering a lecture on crime and punishment. The bulk of his discourse need not concern us here. I need refer to one passage only, in which he deplored the prison reforms which, as he claimed, made life inside the prison almost as comfortable as life outside. In fact, he declared that anyone committed to prison nowadays merely lost his liberty. We hear a great deal to-day about liberty and freedom, and there may be times when we are inclined to dismiss much of this talk as so much political clap-trap. Some of it may be, but that does not invalidate the rest, nor does it dispose of the principle underlying it. There were some of us at the learned judge's lecture who felt that, whatever else he had of wisdom, the speaker had underrated the value of liberty.

I introduced *Jock*, the tame, great spotted woodpecker to this page some weeks ago under the heading "Lessons From a Tame Woodpecker." Then I was concerned with what he had taught me in the matter of woodpeckers' drumming. Since then he has taught me another lesson; or, rather, he has reinforced one I have been learning for some time. *Jock* was brought to Mrs. Walton Burnett, of Cheshire, early this year, as an injured fledgling. She nursed him back to health and at a later stage in his career kindly entrusted him to me. While with his benefactor *Jock* was completely tame and possibly would have so continued. We had hoped he would show us the same confidence, but although Mrs. Walton Burnett sent us the spoon from which *Jock* had always fed, in our hands it had lost its magic. Although he was tame up to a point, it soon became evident that the best for *Jock* and ourselves was to give him an aviary.

In spite of the disfavour one suffers to-day from the animal psychologist for using such words, I am going to say that *Jock* was happy in that aviary. He had as many grub-riddled boughs as he could want. He had his own dish, into which a supply of meal-worms was placed each day, a diet supplemented with grated cheese, and honey smeared on the boughs and licked up with his long tongue. There for months he hopped actively all day up and down the boughs, or flew from one to the other or, his favourite pastime, reduced one bough after another to small chips. During this time his physical disabilities vanished and his plumage became glossy and towards the end of the autumn his underparts became diffused magnificently with crimson to match his crest. He was beautiful to look at: he also became more shy of us. A wild woodpecker, of his own kind, was occasionally seen visiting him.

Although *Jock's* aviary was built of wire stretched over the usual wooden frame, he made little in the way of a serious onslaught on that wood, the soft, riddled boughs being clearly more to his taste. We knew, however, that the time might come when he could cut his way to freedom and a new aviary was started. Its framework was to be of steel tubing and we had started to build it around the old one. Then, so we hoped, we should be able to go in, dismantle the smaller aviary, leaving only *Jock's* favourite roosting-place, and release him into this large and magnificent new home with a tree-trunk reaching to its ceiling. It was also my hope that in this new home we could obtain a cinema record of his drumming in spring, and, having obtained this, together with Mrs. Walton Burnett's permission, to open the door for *Jock* to join his friend in the woods. By chance, bad weather set in before the large aviary was finished, and there were frequent gales.

Having begun with a discourse on liberty, I have wandered on to captivity, but I have not deserted my theme. Captivity and liberty, like love and hate and other pairs of emotions, are complementary and often separated by very little. And animals have a

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS
OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



WITH SIR ANTHONY AND LADY EDEN AT DORNEYWOOD : MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD, THE U.N. SECRETARY-GENERAL (LEFT). Before he left for Peking on January 1 to discuss the release of the eleven American airmen held by the Communists, Mr. Hammarskjöld was entertained to lunch by the Foreign Secretary at Dorneywood, near Burnham Beeches, Bucks. Dorneywood was given to the Nation by the late Lord Courtauld-Thomson to be used as an official residence by the Prime Minister or another Minister of the Crown.



TO BE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE SUDAN : SIR KNOX HELM.

Sir Knox Helm, who, until his retirement from H.M. Foreign Service in 1952 was Ambassador to Turkey, has been appointed by the Egyptian Government to be Governor-General of the Sudan in succession to Sir Robert Howe, who is retiring. Sir Knox Helm was at one time superintending Middle East affairs at the Foreign Office.



APPOINTED PAKISTAN HIGH COMMISSIONER IN LONDON : MR. M. IKRAMULLAH.

Mr. Mohammed Ikramullah, Pakistan Ambassador in Paris, and former High Commissioner in Canada, has been appointed Pakistan High Commissioner in London. Mr. Ikramullah is no stranger to Britain, for he was Trade Commissioner here before the war, and was at Trinity College, Cambridge, before he joined the Indian Civil Service.



AFTER THEIR RECONCILIATION : EX-KING PETER OF YUGOSLAVIA AND HIS WIFE, WITH THEIR SON, PRINCE ALEXANDER. Ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia is seen above with ex-Queen Alexandra at Gstaad, Switzerland, where he announced, on December 28, a reconciliation with his wife after an estrangement that had lasted for more than a year. He said that divorce proceedings, which had been opened in Paris in 1953, would now be discontinued. Ex-King Peter, who is thirty-one, was married in March 1944 in London.



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED : VISCOUNT HAMBLEDEN WITH HIS FIANCEE, DONNA MARIA CARMELA ATTOLICO DE ADELFA. Lord Hambleden, who is seen above in New York shortly after the announcement of his engagement, is twenty-four, and succeeded his father, the third Viscount, in 1948. He is head of the firm of W. H. Smith and Son, the newsagents. His fiancée is the daughter of the late Dr. Bernardo Attolico, Italian Ambassador to Buenos Aires, Moscow, Berlin and the Holy See; and Contessa Eleonora Attolico de Adelfia.



ASSASSINATED WHILE AT A RACE-COURSE : COLONEL JOSÉ ANTONIO REMÓN, PRESIDENT OF PANAMA.

President Remón was assassinated on the evening of January 2 while with a party of friends at a race-course in Panama City. A burst of machine-gun fire was heard and bullets struck him and his bodyguard, killing them both. Six of his guests are reported to have been wounded. Colonel Remón, formerly Chief of the National Police, was elected President by a large majority on May 11, 1952, and installed on October 1, 1952.



RECEIVING THEIR "SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR" TROPHIES : MISS PAT SMYTHE AND R. G. BANNISTER (RIGHT).

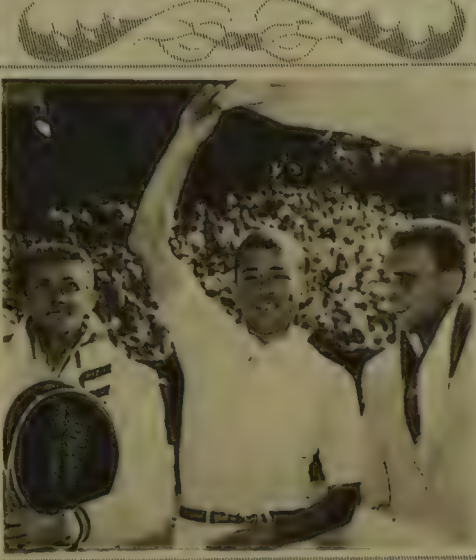
In a gala edition of "Sportsview" on December 30, television viewers saw Lord Brabazon present R. G. Bannister, the first man to run a mile in under four minutes, with the *Sporting Record's* "Sportsman of the Year" Trophy. The world-renowned show-jumper, Miss Pat Smythe, was voted Sportswoman of the Year and also received a trophy from Lord Brabazon.



APPOINTED LORD JUSTICE-GENERAL, MR. J. L. M. CLYDE. The Right Hon. James Latham McDiarmid Clyde, Q.C., M.P., has been appointed Lord Justice-General and President of the Court of Session, Scotland, in succession to Lord Cooper. Mr. Clyde was elected Conservative M.P. for Edinburgh North in 1950; and appointed Lord Advocate the following year.



DIED ON DECEMBER 28 : CAPTAIN SIR ROBERT IRVING. Captain Sir Robert Irving, R.N.R. (retd.), who was formerly Commodore of the Cunard White Star Fleet, was seventy-seven. Shortly after World War I. he obtained his first command as captain of the *Vennonia*, and thereafter was in command of the *Samarina*, *Ascania*, *Laconia*, *Franconia*, *Scythia*, *Mauretania*; and the *Queen Mary* in 1937.



AFTER REGAINING THE DAVIS CUP FOR THE U.S.A. : T. TRABERT (LEFT) AND V. SEIXAS (RIGHT). The United States recaptured the Davis Cup from Australia at Sydney, on December 28, when Trabert and Seixas beat L. A. Hoad and K. R. Rosewall in the doubles, 6-2, 4-6, 6-2, 10-8, thus establishing a 3-0 winning lead. The day before, Trabert beat Hoad (6-4, 2-6, 12-10, 6-3) and Seixas beat K. R. Rosewall (8-6, 6-8, 6-4, 6-3). Seen with the American pair is W. Talbert, their non-playing captain.



HONOURED BY THE R.I.B.A. : MR. JOHN MURRAY EASTON. The Royal Institute of British Architects has announced that the Royal Gold Medal for 1955 is to be awarded to Mr. J. M. Easton, a British architect. Since 1919 Mr. Easton has been the partner of Sir Howard Robertson. His principal works include the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster; and the Royal Bank of Canada, London.



CREATOR OF BRITISH GLIDER RECORDS : MR. PHILIP WILLS. On December 29 Mr. Philip Wills, chairman of the British Gliding Association and former world gliding champion, broke two records in a flight in the Mount Cook area of New Zealand. In soaring some 30,000 ft. he broke his own British absolute altitude record of 22,430 ft. and also set up a British "gain-in-height" record.

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO BECAME A LEGEND.

"POPSKI. A LIFE OF VLADIMIR PENIAKOFF, D.S.O., M.C."; By JOHN WILLETT.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"POPSKI'S PRIVATE ARMY": the British officer who thought of that comic name for the little band of Desert Commandos led by Vladimir Peniakoff laid, at one stroke, a good foundation for a legend. There were other such groups with conventional official names, and some of them may have achieved much more than P.P.A., whose exploits, though daringly and efficiently carried out, were, after all, neither very numerous nor very important. But the term "private army" not merely suggests a force of vaguely much larger dimensions than the eighty men or so which Peniakoff normally had at his disposal, but something romantically independent compared with a huge, impersonal "public army"; and "Popski" was a flash of music-hall genius, suggesting a sort of irresistible Jack-in-the-Box or Puck, liable to spring up anywhere at any moment and suddenly vanish after creating a surprise and doing impish mischief. The legend spread through the Press; the most extraordinary achievements were ascribed to the little gang; and its reputation was heightened still farther when Peniakoff himself, reverting to the literary rôle in which it had been his earliest ambition to shine, produced his own fascinating account of the adventure.

A literary man *manqué* is what (*inter alia*) he was, and Mr. Willett, who has obviously taken immense pains with his work, has written a biography in which the Private Army enterprise is no more than a major episode in a variegated career, and the dashing Popski but one aspect of a complicated, and, in some regards, muddled, naïf, irritating, and even asinine, character. An odder and more cosmopolitan adventurer can seldom have commanded British troops. "Lieut.-Colonel Vladimir Peniakoff, D.S.O., M.C." (and the order and decoration were well and truly won in Italy), looks quite orthodox: it has the air of some scion of the Czar's Imperial Guard, brought out of Russia as a child on the outbreak of the Bolshevik Revolution, and growing up in his natural surroundings

years before Vladimir was born, fairly evidently because of Pobyedonostseff's policy of driving out the Jews or converting them: he settled in Belgium and erected aluminium factories. In Belgium Vladimir was born, and brought up in an opulent, but strange, circle. "This small *émigré* group," says Mr. Willett, "took its ideas and its theories of education not from the society in which it lived but from its own background, the nineteenth-century Russian intelligentsia. The Peniakoffs were atheists, severe moralists, believers (says Leon Kochnitzky) in 'everlasting progress, in the final triumph of science, in the ultimate liberation of mankind.' They were influenced by Darwin, by his German follower Ernst Haeckel, by Fourier with his conception of a society divided into

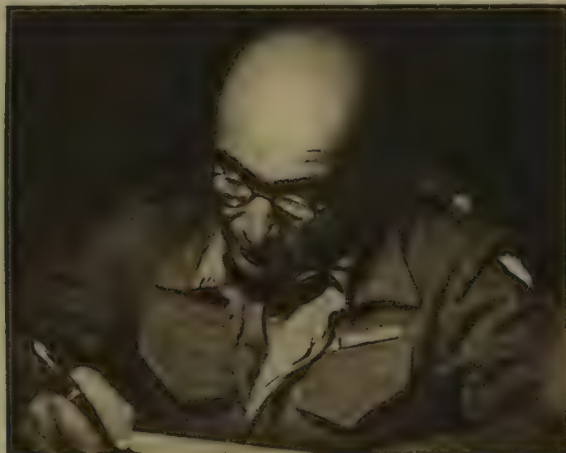
left-wing of both art and politics.' He was, or pretended to be, a solipsist, arguing that no one but himself existed; he was a pacifist who read subversive documents and wrote letters (untraced) to the papers." Later he may (but "he was a little cavalier with the facts") have served for a year with the French Army, and may or may not have been gassed. He began novels, wrote for the advanced reviews, and then went to Egypt as an engineer in sugar refineries.

In Egypt, where he was for many years, he led a double life. He frequented the Turf Club in Cairo, and similar pleasant institutions, mixing mainly with the well-off English. But he also acquired an interest in archaeology and desert travel and an affection for the Bedouin Arabs which gave him a very sound link with Englishmen. He learnt the language and the desert: because of that he was able to force his way into the British Army as Popski, and the party he gathered around him seem to have been as odd as himself. "Little lapses like blowing someone's house down, he forgave readily," says Owen. As a result of his special kind of discipline there was a rich, explosive fantasy about PPA which delighted Popski, even though its essence was that he should not know the half of what went on. That is something which is not apparent from *Private Army*. Basing himself on their good sense in action Popski argues that his men were on the whole steady and respectable: a thesis with which no other member of PPA—let alone a military policeman—would agree. Necessarily Popski, who was not allowed to take men wanted by

other units, had to recruit a high proportion of throw-outs and eccentrics, and on principle he did not enquire what they did in their spare time. Of 'R' Patrol, says Ricky Rickwood, its commander till he was wounded, only one member had not been in either jail or Borstal. One particularly short officer climbed on a chair in the Naples Officers' Club to hit a 6 ft. 3 in. Provost Marshal, went out on patrol drunk and shot his front machine-gun into his back one, the bullet finishing in his own foot. A sergeant blew up the public lavatory that was the pride of the little village of San Gregorio. Corporal George Sonley and Trooper Dracula Hellier (even his mother called



AT THE TIME WHEN HE WAS WORKING IN EGYPT: POPSKI (VLADIMIR PENIAKOFF) AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-EIGHT.



"SO UNUSUAL . . . A PERSONALITY": POPSKI, "HIS HEAD ROUND AND BALD LIKE A SOVIET GENERAL'S," WRITING. Illustrations reproduced from the book "Popski"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Macgibbon and Kee.

small groups, or 'phalansteries,' by the Natural Man and general individualistic outlook of Rousseau. And so they, and to a lesser degree the Kochnitzkys and the Effronts, too, determined to have their children educated privately at home, where they would not be held back by the supposedly slower-witted Belgians nor corrupted by Belgian parochialism and the predominant Catholic religion. 'The parents,' writes Kochnitzky again, 'kept a close watch on what was taught to their children. The important thing was never to mention God nor anything that savoured of religion. . . .'

Nor, on the other hand, were the children to learn anything that might tell them that they were Jewish. Their cousins, less strictly isolated from the world in which they lived, were forbidden to break this secret to them, and those relatives who had not entirely dropped Jewish ways (let alone the Jewish religion) were dropped themselves. It was a strange, absurdly optimistic way of fitting a child for a life that was to include two wars and the cruellest racial persecutions, and it left Popski without the solid framework provided by a more normal schooling. Some, however, he had. English was taught him as a first language, because Mendeleef was honoured in England. At fifteen he went to the University at Brussels to study engineering; he was already reading the classics for pleasure, writing an essay on Sophocles,

and adoring Huysmans, Wilde, Beardley and the young Picasso, and bringing his homage to the feet of Anatole France. War broke out, and in 1915 he went to my own College at Cambridge. The University was a strange place at the time. I cannot remember what Civil Service locusts may have settled there; but the courts were largely empty, and the meagre remnant of undergraduates consisted of unfit men, conscientious objectors, Asiatics, and ex-officers, hobbling or armless, who had come back from the front. "Cambridge, and indeed England itself," says Mr. Willett, "might have had a very different impact on Popski if he had gone there under more normal circumstances." But he had been brought up in a freakish way, met a lot of freaks and, "He was, his closest friend Edward Richardson Brown recalls, 'rather an aesthete, with a keen interest in modern art and a tendency to pick his friends from people on the



WITH "POPSKI'S PRIVATE ARMY," AFTER LOSING HIS LEFT HAND IN AN ENGAGEMENT WITH THE GERMANS IN ITALY IN DECEMBER 1944: POPSKI (STANDING, LEFT OF GROUP), WHO WON THE D.S.O. FOR THIS ACTION.

here. Not a bit of it! His father, an expert in aluminium research, and a collaborator of the great chemist Mendeleef, may, it is suggested, have assumed "his name and patronymic." He may have been a Ukrainian, but he had a brother called Solomon, which suggests at least a Jewish admixture, and about the maternal side there is no doubt. "Popski's mother," says Mr. Willett, "was certainly Jewish, and about her much closer Russian-Jewish relatives, some of whom are alive in Belgium to-day, he preferred not to speak. To those nearest him he gave no impression of deliberately concealing his origins, but he had at any rate some Jewish ties which he chose not to mention, and few imagined that he had any Jewish blood at all." His father left Russia in 1894, three



IN 1919: VLADIMIR PENIAKOFF WITH OLGA AT MENTON. POPSKI WAS GREATLY ATTACHED TO OLGA, TO WHOM HE GAVE THE NICK-NAME "LUX." LUX DIED IN 1922 A FEW DAYS AFTER HER TWENTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

him Dracula') were caught on the point of invading the Vatican, the guns of their jeep cocked for action."

There is plenty more of that: Popski wasn't aware of all the "strange" undertakings of his Old Borstalians. But he kept them under control when they were operative: in war he found himself, as Rimbaud might have found himself. After the war, when he decided that he was really English (he had a wide choice) he addressed Communist meetings, told the Arabs over the wireless that he was an Englishman, and toyed with the notion of becoming a Conservative candidate for Parliament.

He would have made a mess of that. But what chance of getting settled had he?

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 76 of this issue.

* "Popski: A Life of Vladimir Peniakoff, D.S.O., M.C." By John Willett. Illustrated. (Macgibbon and Kee; 18s.)



A MAN IN WHOM COMPETENCE AND DEVOTION TO DUTY ARE COMBINED WITH ENTHUSIASM AND DETERMINATION: ADMIRAL WILLIAM MORROW FECHTELER, U.S.N., WHO IS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, ALLIED FORCES, SOUTHERN EUROPE.

On August 20, 1953, Admiral William Fechteler took up his command as Commander-in-Chief, Allied Forces, Southern Europe, in succession to Admiral Carney. Admiral Fechteler, who was born in California in 1896, graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, in 1916. During World War I, he served in the U.S.S. *Pennsylvania*, flagship of the Atlantic Fleet. At the outbreak of World War II, he was operations officer of the fleet destroyer command, and early in 1942 he became Assistant, and later Director, of Officer Personnel in the Bureau

of Naval Personnel. During the Pacific campaigns he commanded the U.S. battleship *Indiana* and later commanded an amphibious group, a carrier and a task force. In 1945 he was appointed Assistant Chief of Naval Personnel, and Deputy Chief of Naval Operations (Personnel) in 1947, serving in that capacity until February 1, 1950, when he became C.-in.-C. of the Atlantic Fleet. In August 1951 he succeeded Admiral Forrest P. Sherman as Chief of Naval Operations, an appointment he held until he took up his present command in 1953.

Exclusive portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.

MODERNISING THE WORLD'S OLDEST CIVILISATION: STRIKING CONTRASTS IN THE BAGHDAD OF TO-DAY.



ALTHOUGH OIL HAS BROUGHT GREAT PROSPERITY AND MODERNISATION TO IRAQ, THERE ARE STILL STARTLING CONTRASTS AND GREAT POVERTY, AS AMONG THESE MUD HUTS NEAR BAGHDAD.



BAGHDAD ITSELF IS FULL OF MODERN BUILDINGS, BUT BEHIND THEM OFTEN LIE RAMSHACKLE QUARTERS THROUGH WHICH LADEN CAMELS MAKE THEIR WAY.



THE ETERNAL BAGHDAD OF THE CALIPHS—WITH THE SUNSHINE FILTERING THROUGH CANE SCREENS INTO A DARK SHOP IN ONE OF THE BAZAARS.

WHERE EVER-EXPANDING OIL PRODUCTION BRINGS THE POSSIBILITY OF GREAT DEVELOPMENT: MODERN IRAQ.



ALTHOUGH THERE IS GREAT WEALTH AND WIDESPREAD CHANGES IN SUCH PLACES AS BAGHDAD AND KIRKUK, LIFE IN SUCH VILLAGES AS THIS NEAR BAGHDAD IS VERY LITTLE CHANGED.



THE BAGHDAD OF TO-DAY: IN KING FAISAL STREET, LOOKING ACROSS PLEASANTLY LAID-OUT GARDENS TOWARDS ONE OF THE BRIDGES WHICH CROSS THE TIGRIS. NOTE A BILINGUAL SHOP-FRONT.

IRAQ, which not so long ago was a neglected Ottoman province, has now been for more than twenty-two years a sovereign and independent State; and of recent years has become one of the richest States of the East. Its present prosperity is founded on its ever-increasing production of oil. Before the war the country's budget balanced at about £6,000,000, of which oil royalties formed less than £1,000,000. Now the Iraqi Government's annual income from oil royalties alone is more than £50,000,000; and a number of new oilfields

(Continued opposite.)

(RIGHT.) CONTRASTS IN BAGHDAD'S AL RASHID STREET: BETWEEN A MASSIVE MODERN BUILDING WITH LOUVERED FRONT AND THE HOMES AND MINARET OF A MOSQUE, PASSES AN UNENDING STREAM OF CARS.



Continued.] have yet to reach full production. Much of this new wealth is reflected in new buildings and expensive motor-cars; and, since the wealth is new, it appears also in striking contrasts of wealth and poverty. But by law 70 per cent. of the oil royalties are now handed over to the Development Board and a number of irrigation and drainage schemes are being completed or undertaken which will release the great fertility of Iraq's soil and bring about a wider dispersal of prosperity. At the end of the year it was announced that a British firm of town-planning consultants had been instructed to lay out development plans for Baghdad itself; and, as a result of the British Trade Fair in Baghdad in the autumn, it seemed likely that Iraq would be first in the field with television in the Middle East.



ANOTHER PART OF AL RASHID STREET IN BAGHDAD, WITH BRITISH-MADE BUSES AND A STREAM OF AMERICAN AND BRITISH CARS MAKING THEIR WAY PAST A TRAFFIC POLICEMAN.



HAWKS ARE STILL USED FOR HUNTING IN IRAQ, AND THESE BIRDS ARE WAITING FOR TRANSPORT—BY AIR FROM BAGHDAD'S AIRPORT.



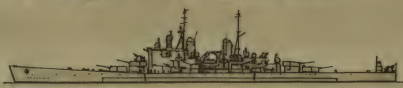
ALTHOUGH THIS BAGHDAD ROAD IS WIDE, FINELY SURFACED, LINED FOR MOTOR TRAFFIC AND SHADDED WITH GRACEFUL PALMS AND TREES, THE PASSERS-BY SEEM TO HAVE STEPPED FROM AN OLDER MESOPOTAMIA.



A SCENE OF ALMOST SUMERIAN SIMPLICITY: IN A POOR VILLAGE NOT FAR FROM BAGHDAD A PEASANT WOMAN CROUCHES BY THE REED WALLS OF A HUT TO WASH IN A TINY BOWL UPON THE BATTED CLAY FLOOR.



GREAT STRIDES ARE BEING MADE IN EDUCATION, BUT ILLITERACY IS STILL COMMON AND A PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER, LIKE THIS, IS NO RARE SIGHT.

GREAT BRITAIN.

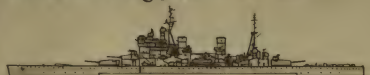
VANGUARD. 1946. (44,500 TONS)



ANSON. 1942. (35,000 TONS)



DUKE OF YORK. 1941. (35,000 TONS)



HOWE. 1942. (35,000 TONS)



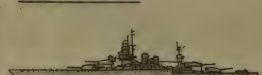
KING GEORGE V. 1940. (35,000 TONS)

FRANCE.

RICHELIEU. 1942. (38,500 TONS)

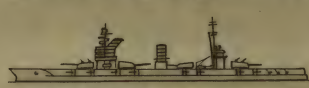


JEAN BART. 1949. (38,750 TONS)

ITALY.ANDREA DORIA. 1916.
(23,622 TONS)

CAIO DUILIO. 1915. (23,622 TONS)

Scale in Feet:
0 100 200 300.

U.S.S.R. (RUSSIA).

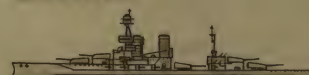
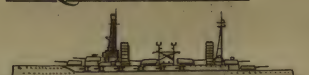
SEVASTOPOL. 1915. (23,256 TONS)

OTYABRSKAYA REVOLUTSIA. 1916.
(23,606 TONS)

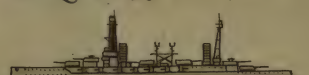
NOVOROSSIISK. 1913. (23,622 TONS)

TURKEY.

YAVUZ. 1912. (22,734 TONS)

CHILE.ALMIRANTE LATORRE. 1915.
(28,950 TONS)ARGENTINA.

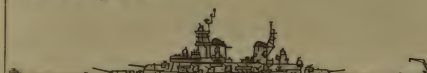
MORENO. 1915. (27,720 TONS)



RIVADAVIA. 1914. (27,720 TONS)

UNITED STATES.

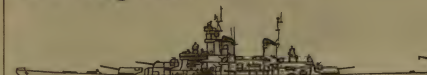
IOWA. 1943. (45,000 TONS)



MISSOURI. 1944. (45,000 TONS)



NEW JERSEY. 1943. (45,000 TONS)



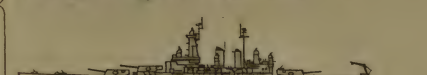
WISCONSIN. 1944. (45,000 TONS)



(KENTUCKY). Incomplete.



NORTH CAROLINA. 1941. (35,000 TONS)



WASHINGTON. 1942. (35,000 TONS)



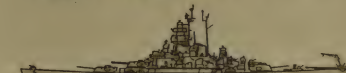
ALASKA. 1944. (27,500 TONS)



GUAM. 1944. (27,500 TONS)



SOUTH DAKOTA. 1942. (35,000 TONS)



ALABAMA. 1942. (35,000 TONS)



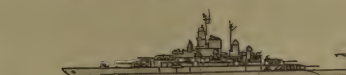
INDIANA. 1942. (35,000 TONS)



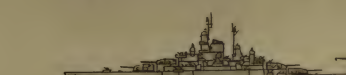
MASSACHUSETTS. 1942. (35,000 TONS)



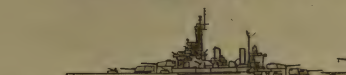
CALIFORNIA. 1921. (32,600 TONS)



TENNESSEE. 1920. (32,300 TONS)



WEST VIRGINIA. 1923. (31,800 TONS)



COLORADO. 1923. (32,500 TONS)



MARYLAND. 1921. (31,500 TONS)

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BATTLESHIP: SILHOUETTES OF THE WORLD'S CAPITAL SHIPS, WHICH

Replying to Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield, who moved an amendment to the humble Address in the House of Lords on December 2, regretting the inadequate strength of the Royal Navy at the present time, Lord Carrington, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Defence, said: "We are on the threshold of new developments in the application of guided weapons to sea warfare." He added that, although the results obtained from an Admiralty experimental ship would have a most important influence on future design, it seemed unlikely that ships already in existence would be suitable for conversion to carry guided armaments.

"The Admiralty," he said, "has already made a detailed study of the practicability of converting our existing battleships, but the work required would be so great that it has decided that such a project would be uneconomical." This statement would seem to spell the doom of the battleship, which has steadily declined in importance, from the point of view of numbers and power, since the Battle of Jutland in 1916. Although, since then, its size and offensive power have been increased, it has been overshadowed by the submarine and aeroplane, which, together, claimed the majority of battleships and battle-cruisers sunk in World

DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON

HAVE DECREASED IN NUMBERS AND IMPORTANCE EVER SINCE THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND IN 1916.

War II. For some years between the wars a naval holiday in battleship construction ensued. The holiday ended in Britain in 1937, when the "King George V." class was laid down, shortly followed by the American "Washington" class, and the four "South Dakota" class in 1939-1940. This latter year also saw the laying-down of the first two of the gigantic "Iowa" class, two following in 1941 and the last, the *Kentucky*, now laid up uncompleted, in 1942. The building of pocket battleships by Germany induced the French to build the *Richelieu* and her sister-ship, *Jean Bart*, which, after escaping from St. Nazaire to Casablanca in 1940 in

NEWS" BY C. W. E. RICHARDSON.

an incomplete state and prior to any trials, was completed in 1949, the last battleship to enter service in any country. So long as there are navies one type of ship must dominate all others. Aircraft-carriers are too vulnerable and require other warships to give them protection. It seems probable, therefore, that the battleship will be eclipsed by a warship with guided missiles as its main armament. Lord Carrington predicted this when he said that the three "Tiger" class cruisers now being completed, with a revolutionary type of gun, four of which could deliver 5 tons of metal a minute, may be the last purely gun-cruisers to be built.

ON December 18 the North Atlantic Council packed up for Christmas after its meeting in Paris. This meeting had been above the average in importance. The now famous lecture of Field Marshal Lord Montgomery had set all the partners thinking, but especially the small ones, none of them in possession of atomic weapons and some of them particularly vulnerable to them. Considerable anxiety—though it was based on perplexity, not hostility—had been aroused by the prospect of the forces of N.A.T.O. basing their planning on the use of atomic weapons. Did this mean, they asked themselves, that these deadly tools would be put into use automatically? Did it mean that the military command had been accorded the right to strike in certain circumstances without consultation with the Governments? Did not atomic planning and organisation of the forces involve the certainty that atomic weapons would be used in the very first stage of any major war of the future? Was it desirable to proceed on these lines? Was it essential?

By comparison with the discussions and speculations which preceded the meeting, the *communiqué* issued on its conclusion was a formal and even colourless document. A visitor from another planet who had been studying the newspapers would have been astounded, on reading the *communiqué*, to find that it did not make mention of atomic weapons from first to last. He might have decided that the inhabitants of our planet were thorough hypocrites. Yet no one criticised the form in which the report was compiled. Everyone knew what it meant. In case the merest shade of doubt remained in the simpler minds, a member of the Council, the Belgian Foreign Minister, M. Spaak, explained it all at a Press conference immediately afterwards. What really counted was one short paragraph, which appeared about half-way through. But for what had previously appeared in the world's Press, it would have attracted no one's attention. It ran as follows:

"The Council considered a report by the Military Committee on the most effective pattern of N.A.T.O. military defensive strength over the next few years, taking into account modern developments in weapons and techniques. It approved this report as a basis for defence planning and preparations by the N.A.T.O. military authorities, noting that this approval did not involve the delegation of the responsibility of Governments to make decisions for putting plans into action in the event of hostilities."

The meaning of this is that General Gruenther is authorised to prepare for the waging of an atomic war, but that the decision on the use of atomic weapons is to be kept in civil hands. Obviously, the means taken to procure this decision are of vital importance. A war might be lost if the machinery were to fail; on the other hand, a war might be precipitated unnecessarily and the world laid in ruin if the machinery were to function too easily without the necessary controls. It is not a new problem, though more acute than of old. Between 1866 and 1914, which may be called the age when mobilisation attained its greatest importance, mobilisation might mean war, so that statesmen desirous of avoiding war tried to postpone it as long as possible. General Staffs, honestly frightened that potential foes would steal a march on them and that inaction would leave them naked against aggression, pressed their Governments not to hesitate. We may recall that a Russian War Minister, Sukhomlinov, in July 1914, took the disgraceful action of concealing the Tsar's instructions to cancel an order for general mobilisation.

Well, M. Spaak said that the means taken to obtain governmental approval would always have to remain secret. I fully agree with him and hope that this decision will be strictly maintained; there are too many revelations, made, it must be supposed, for the purpose of keeping up morale, but often costing excessive prices in proportion to the good they do. I should say that it would be too ambitious to make a ruling that atomic weapons should never be used without the assent of fourteen nations. The war might be over—over the wrong way—before that had been obtained. Yet all will agree that the principle is sound. Governments, not the military, must keep the decisions in their hands, in an alliance as in the case of a single country. In fact, the only difference in the two cases is that where an alliance contains as many partners as does N.A.T.O. it is more difficult to insure that the decisions will be sufficiently speedy.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

WHAT THE NORTH ATLANTIC COUNCIL DECIDED.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Although measures have already been taken in Germany for the use by N.A.T.O. armies of tactical atomic weapons, these armies stand at the moment in the same state as in the past couple of years. It would therefore be a matter of no difficulty now for them to engage in a war without atomic weapons. When, however, the reorganisation necessitated by the new decisions in the United States and the United Kingdom has been put through, which may not be for a couple of years, it will be next door to impossible to make full use of these troops in a war fought on pre-atomic lines. I have given my opinion of the reorganisation plans in previous articles, so need not repeat them here. Theoretically, it might be possible to fight a war with tactical atomic weapons without using the strategic; in practice I do not think it would. The subject is, however, worth further consideration because tactical are, in the main, directed against fighting forces, whereas

warfare were, only a few months earlier, pointing out that the methods of Communism in the near future would probably be based on a continuation of the policy of stirring up and intervening to a very limited extent in secondary wars. Sometimes even an industrial strike may prove as useful to the Communists as a war. Intervention in colonial disputes, astonishingly little practised in the past, is now being undertaken to a greater extent and likely to be further developed. It might become a deadly weapon.

The general feature of secondary wars is the heavy demand made upon armies, as opposed to navies and air forces, though both may play a valuable part, and within armies the importance of man-power, especially infantry. It is necessary that the ability to fight on such a scale shall not be lost, even if there has to be some compromise in the composition of forces in order that it may be retained. Unless the Council felt rather more pessimistic about the prospect of

avoiding a major war for some time to come than statesmen such as Sir Winston Churchill showed themselves last year, there seems no reason why the capacity to fight and absorb the effects of small wars should be any less valuable. All that we know on this subject is that the Council *communiqué* spoke coldly of "some outward signs of flexibility" in recent Russian policy and concluded that there was no ground for believing the threat to the free world to have diminished.

I do not believe in the value of nagging at the British Government to "do something," to make at once an approach to the Soviet Union, to exploit the ostensible friendliness recently shown to visitors of the Labour Party. These appeals seem crude to me. Yet I ask myself whether, when the present military policy has been fully worked out and at least in part carried into effect, the time may be ripe for a practical discussion with the plainest of plain speaking. The basis would be that another world war, however the opposing coalitions fared, would destroy all the long toil of Russia for the betterment of her people and have the same results in our country and in the United States. The effect might be to throw the world into chaos and turn back its course towards barbarism. The N.A.T.O. nations cannot, as things stand, afford to abandon atomic weapons, because of the mighty forces maintained by the Soviet Union and its allies. The only hope of an improvement in the world's prospects lies in beginning a general, step-by-step disarmament. Even a single step, taken in sincerity, would represent immense progress.

It would have to be represented that, in default of such an easing of the situation, no alternative would remain but that of continuing to build up the forces of defence on the lines already indicated; that is, adapted to the waging of full-scale atomic warfare. It would have to be made clear that we should flinch neither from the effort nor from the consequences. We should stake our all on preserving liberty, even in destruction, and go down, if necessary, fighting for it to

the last. But if we went down in defeat Russia would, none the less, be left in a state of desolation and probably dissolution. We should assume that Russia would be as averse as ourselves to such a catastrophe, and indeed Russian Communism has not a tradition of self-destruction. The Bolsheviks yielded to the Germans at Brest-Litovsk in the hope of better times. Russia would not be asked to yield in this case, but only to take her share in averting world destruction.

Whether or not my suggestion is practical, the arrangement made to authorise the military command of N.A.T.O. to prepare for the use of modern weapons does not represent a full solution to the problems before us. Still less can it represent a halting-place on the road by which we hope to reach peace. It does not even in itself preclude the use of atomic weapons, because a great American air striking force remains outside N.A.T.O. and not subject to its behests. On the Western side there are, in effect, only two Powers, the United States and the United Kingdom, to whose voices Russia would listen. This fact lays upon them a great responsibility, but it may also provide them with an opportunity.

THE CHRISTMAS DAY AIR CRASH AT PRESTWICK AIRPORT.



SURVEYING THE SCENE OF DESOLATION: SECTION LEADER C. NICOL, OF PRESTWICK AERODROME FIRE BRIGADE, LOOKING AT THE DEBRIS-STREWN CARGO HOLD OF THE WRECKED B.O.A.C. STRATOCRUISER.

In the early hours of Christmas morning twenty-eight people lost their lives when a B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser crashed in flames at Prestwick Airport, Scotland. The airliner was flying from London to New York via Prestwick, and had left London at 1.5 a.m.—four hours late—and arrived at Prestwick at 3.30 a.m., when it touched down, overturned and burst into flames. Of the people on board only eight survived—seven of them members of the crew. Twenty-one of the passengers were to have left the aircraft at Prestwick, and waiting to greet them were many friends and relatives, who saw the Stratocruiser overturn and catch fire. Firemen and airport workers raced to the scene of the disaster, but the flames were so fierce that they were unable to free those on board who were trapped in the wreckage. At the time of writing, exhaustive inquiries into the cause of the accident are continuing, but it is not yet known what form the official inquiry will take. One of the survivors of the disaster is Captain W. L. Stewart, who was in command of the aircraft during the flight from London to Prestwick.

strategic involve the mass destruction of the civil population.

It has also to be remembered that on our side the United States is the chief repository of the great atomic bombs for strategic use. The Americans rely heavily upon them. They regard them as the sole means of counterbalancing the vast superiority of the Soviets and the satellites in man-power and conventional weapons. It is true that an American Institution, the Centre of International Studies at Princeton, has given its opinion that the doctrine of massive retaliation is "neither a feasible nor a desirable method of preventing Communist aggression," and that use of such retaliatory power should be limited to a last resort. I think it improbable that this judgment will make the United States Government change its mind. To the question whether it is worth while to accept the certainty of defeat in a major war in order to avoid the horrors of an atomic conflict, the answer is pretty sure to be "no." In reason, it is hard to see how it could be the contrary.

Yet this is not the last word on the subject. In the first place, though atomic weapons may be, and I

CONSTRUCTION AND DEMOLITION: ARCHITECTURE AND ENGINEERING DEVICES.



BEGUN IN 1939 AND SHORTLY TO COME INTO PART-USE BEFORE COMPLETION: THE SCHOOL OF PHARMACY OF LONDON UNIVERSITY, IN BRUNSWICK SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY. This building was originally designed by Herbert S. Rowse, F.R.I.B.A., for the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain and was begun in 1939. Its construction was held up by the war and it was sold to London University for £258,000. It is to be used partly as a school of pharmacy and partly for practical scientific examinations, and one floor is to come into use this month. It will not, however, become available for students until about the beginning of the summer term; and full completion of the building may take some years.



DEMOLISHING PART OF ONE OF THE LONDON ZOO'S MOST FAMILIAR LANDMARKS: MONKEY HILL, WHICH IS BEING ALTERED TO MAKE WAY FOR A NEW ANIMAL SANATORIUM. Monkey Hill, the semicircular construction of artificial rockwork, with caves inside and surrounded by a 17-ft. dyke, was built in 1924. It has been used to house baboons and Rhesus monkeys and has been the site of many famous battles. During the war it was damaged by bombing and has latterly been occupied by goats. Half of it is now, however, being demolished to make way for a new sanatorium—a part of the Zoo's £2,000,000 reconstruction plan.



NOW APPROACHING COMPLETION AND EXPECTED TO COME INTO USE IN MARCH THIS YEAR: THE CONTROL TOWER OF LONDON AIRPORT, WITH (LEFT) THE PASSENGER-HANDLING BUILDING. This building, of which the architect is Mr. Frederick Gibberd, F.R.I.B.A., entitled the Control Building, not only houses all the control of all aircraft in the air and on the ground in the movement area, and also motor vehicles, but houses all the management, communications and staff amenities. The actual air traffic control services will occupy the upper floors of the control tower and the glazed, circular penthouse on the roof. The tower has a height of 122 ft. 6 ins.; and it is seen here from the road approach.



AN ELECTRIC-POWERED PATROL CAR IN ONE OF THE TUBES OF NEW YORK'S HOLLAND TUNNEL, WHICH RUNS UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER AND CONNECTS MANHATTAN ISLAND WITH JERSEY CITY. THE PATROL CAR HAS A SPEED OF 12 M.P.H.



PART OF THE GLEN SHIRA HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME, WHICH WAS BEGUN IN 1949 AND IS NOW NEARING COMPLETION: THE FACE OF THE POWER DAM IN GLEN SHIRA. Briefly, this hydro-electric scheme consists of two dams, an upper and a lower, in Glen Shira, north of Inveraray, which impound the waters of the River Shira and its tributaries, and also, by means of a tunnel, the headwaters of the River Fyne. From these dams a tunnel leads through the Buidhe Range to a power-house at Clachan, at the head of Loch Fyne, which will have an eventual annual output of about 80,000,000 units of electricity.



LOOKING DOWN INTO THE GREEN HEART OF MANHATTAN ISLAND: A VIEW OF NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE OBSERVATION TOWER OF THE 850-FT.-HIGH R.C.A. BUILDING.

This magnificent panorama of the northern parts of New York City was taken from the R.C.A. Building in Rockefeller Centre, in central Manhattan—that is to say, from a building more than twice as tall as the tip of Salisbury Cathedral's spire. It shows Central Park lying between Sixth and Eighth Avenues, which, in their

turn, run northwards to the Harlem River, which divides Manhattan Island from the Bronx. To the left runs the Hudson River with, beyond, the New Jersey shore. In the left distance can just be seen some of the heights of Palisades Interstate Park, some 30 or 40 miles away. Central Park was purchased in 1856 for

about 5,500,000 dollars and laid out by the architects Frederick Law Olmstead and Calvert Vaux, under a board of eleven Commissioners, who included Washington Irving and William Cullen Bryant. It covers 840 acres, and so is a little larger than the total of Hyde Park (360 acres), Kensington Gardens (275), St. James's

Park (93) and Green Park (53), which, being contiguous open spaces, together form the green heart of central London as Central Park does for New York. The photograph was taken on Type B pan film, at an exposure of $1/1000$ th of a second stopped down to f.11. No filter was used.

BRITAIN'S FIRST NATIONAL BOAT SHOW: SOME SCENES AND EXHIBITS AT LONDON'S GREAT INDOOR "REGATTA" AT OLYMPIA.



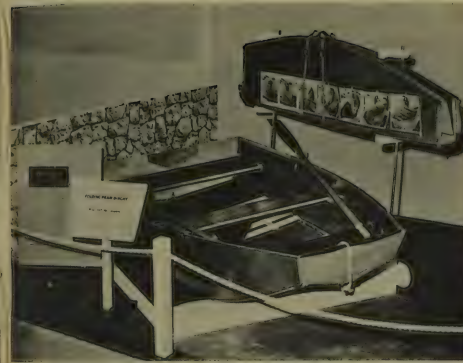
COSTING £695: AN BLADDER CLASS SAILING YACHT, WHICH HAS STAINLESS STEEL RIGGING AND IS FURNISHED WITH A LLOYD'S CERTIFICATE COVERING MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP.



HOLDING PRIDE OF PLACE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE EXHIBITION: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S "FLYING FIFTEEN" CLASS SAILING DINGHY *COWSLIP*, WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS BY THE PEOPLE OF COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS MARRIAGE.



ONE OF THE LARGEST EXHIBITS: A 160' AUXILIARY SLOOP, DESIGNED BY ARTHUR C. HOBBS, WHICH HAS A LENGTH OVERALL OF 35 FT. 2 INS., AND A DRAFT OF 5 FT. 7 INS.



COSTING ONLY £37 10S. COMPLETE: THE GLASHELL FOLDING PRAM DINGHY, WHICH WEIGHS 80 LB., IS EASILY CARRIED, AND CAN BE ASSEMBLED IN A MATTER OF MINUTES. IT IS 7 FT. 9 INS. LONG AND 4 FT. 3 INS. WIDE WHEN OPENED OUT.



THE FIRST CLASS FIBRE MOTOR-BOAT BUILT FOR THE ROYAL NAVY AND FORMING PART OF THEIR DISPLAY: A SMALL LANDING-CRAFT USED BY THE ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS FOR LANDING SMALL PARTIES ON DIFFICULT OR ROCKY COASTS.



BREAKING A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE ON THE OLD MACBRATNEY BELL: CONSWAIN HARBOLD BRADFORD, OF THE EXMOUTH LIFEBOAT, WHO PERFORMED THE OPENING CEREMONY ON DECEMBER 30. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S YACHT *COWSLIP* CAN BE SEEN.



AT LONDON'S INDOOR REGATTA AT OLYMPIA: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE, SHOWING ROWS OF GLEAMING WHITE SAILS SOARING UPWARDS IN THE EMPIRE HALL.

There must be many thousands of people who believe that one of the best pieces of advice ever given is contained in the words which Kenneth Graham put into the mouth of Water Rat in "The Wind in the Willows": "Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats." London has been lucky enough to have an opportunity



RECENTLY RESTORED AND SOON TO BE PERMANENTLY HOUSED AT GREENWICH: THE QUEEN'S SHALLOP, OR STATE BARGE, BUILT BY WILLIAM III. FOR HIS QUEEN IN 1689, AND USED CONTINUOUSLY FOR STATE OCCASIONS UNTIL 1920.



IN THE SECTION OF THE SHOW DEVOTED TO CRAFT RANGING IN PRICE FROM £250 TO £300: A GENERAL VIEW OF SOME OF THE EXHIBITS.

of looking at some of these boats at the first National Boat Show which was held at Olympia from December 30 to January 8. The exhibition, which was sponsored by the *Daily Express* and organised by the Ship and Boat Builders' National Federation, was the first for over thirty years to be devoted exclusively to boats and nautical gear and the first ever held on such a scale. A special feature of the



IN A 25-TON WATER TANK: A DEMONSTRATION OF EATING UNDER WATER BY MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH SUB-AQUA CLUB.

Show, which included over sixty boats, ranging from ocean-going cruisers to small canoes, was a section devoted to craft costing under £250. One of the most beautiful boats in the Show was the last of the old Royal barges, which was built by William III. for his Queen, and was lent by the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum. The model yacht with a rotating mast (lower right photograph) is an



A MODEL YACHT WITH A ROTATING MAST: THE BOWDEN CANTILEVER BIBO'S WING RIG FITTED TO A WORKING RADIO-CONTROLLED FIBRE GLASS HULL.

experimental rig, designed by Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Bowden, which has been tested on a 12-ft. dinghy and on a 20-ft. "Flying Fifteen" hull. It is claimed that the rotating cantilever mast, made of laminated fibre-glass cloth, reduces drag and interference without rigging. It always looks into the relative wind and provides a stiff arched surface capable of camber adjustment to suit varying wind speeds.

ANOTHER MITHRAS TEMPLE UNCOVERED: RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ROME.



FIG. 1. ONE OF THE BEST-PRESERVED OF THE WALL-PAINTINGS, OF THE SECOND SERIES, IN THE AVENTINE MITHRÆUM: THE HEAD OF A "LION" INITIATE.



FIGS. 2 AND 3. THE BACK AND FRONT VIEWS OF A SMALL MARBLE STATUETTE, SHOWING A STANDING FIGURE OF SERAPIS. THIS WAS FOUND DURING AUGUST 1954, WHEN THE SACRISTY NEXT TO THE SANCTUARY WAS EXCAVATED.



FIG. 4. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SANCTUARY OF THE NEWLY-EXCAVATED MITHRÆUM IN ROME. AT THE FAR END IS THE NICHE IN WHICH CAN BE SEEN THE RECLINING SERAPIS (FIG. 14).

Continued.
We now know that St. Prisca can not be identified with the Prisca of the Acts; and it was in the house of another Prisca, who lived in the third century A.D., that the Christian ceremonies took place. But in the house next door an unknown occupant (of about 195 A.D.) allowed Mithraic ceremonies to take place in the underground rooms. The followers of the Persian Mithras there built their sanctuary in the usual manner: a central aisle with two side benches (Fig. 4). Upon these benches two niches were built to hold statues of the torch-bearers Cautes and Cautopates, who form a trinity with Mithras, who himself was almost certainly represented on the back wall of the sanctuary, the side walls being covered with frescoes. About twenty-five years later the community was enlarged. An ante-room was added to the Mithræum itself, new paintings were made on the side walls and a considerable niche was built against the back wall. On the left-hand side three other rooms at least were transformed into chapels which were used for Mithraic rites (Fig. 7). Not much is known of these secret, exclusively male, ceremonies; but the paintings tell us much more. The second layer of paintings shows a procession of the grades through which the Mithraist passed,

(Continued opposite.)

During the summer and autumn of this last year, while the Mithras temple was being uncovered at Walbrook, in the City of London, excavations were being made in another Mithræum—on the Aventine Hill, in Rome—by DR. M. J. VERMASEREN and DR. C. C. VAN ESSEN. This Aventine Mithræum, which was first discovered more or less by accident in 1935, is now proving to be of the greatest interest and much still remains to be uncovered. It has produced a number of close parallels with the Walbrook Mithræum, and although not yet as rich in statuary, it contains wall-paintings which have not yet revealed their full beauties but which promise to be of the greatest interest and to contain hitherto unknown information about the Mithraic mystery. DR. M. J. VERMASEREN writes:

IN 1935 the Augustinian Fathers in Rome undertook the excavation of the underground rooms of a palace, ascribed to a certain Prisca. The Fathers were of the opinion that this house, on the Aventine Hill and beside the *Vicus Publicius*, belonged to that Prisca who was baptised in Rome by St. Peter himself, and who later founded a community on this site, above which the fifth-century Christians built the Basilica. The excavations, however, revealed a large Mithraic temple, decorated with very interesting paintings and various works in stucco. The first results were published by Professor A. Ferrua, of the Institute for Christian Archaeology in Rome. In 1952 it became possible for new excavations to be carried out with the aid of private funds and later of the Netherlands Organisation for Pure Research, with the permission of the Superintendent of Roman Antiquities in Rome, Professor Dr. Pietro Romanelli.

(Continued below, left.)



FIGS. 5 AND 6. TWO VIEWS OF A LARGE, WELL-PRESERVED THREE-WICK LAMP, WHICH PROBABLY ILLUMINATED THE CULT-NICHE OF THE SANCTUARY.

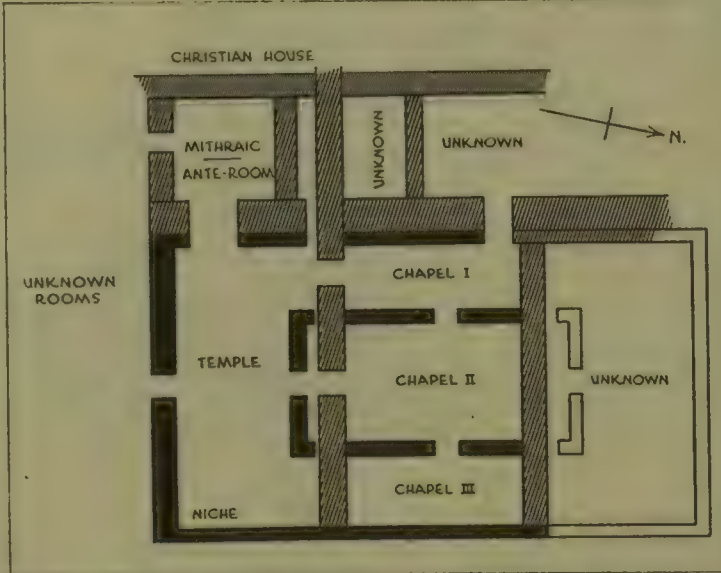


FIG. 7. A ROUGH GROUND PLAN OF THE NEXUS OF UNDERGROUND ROOMS IN WHICH THE MITHRAIC SANCTUARY, MINOR CHAPELS AND ANTE-ROOM CAN BE SEEN. MUCH REMAINS TO BE EXCAVATED.

Continued.
each person being represented in characteristic dress and attitude, and each placed under the protection of a special planet, as indicated in the painted inscriptions. A second procession consists of six "Lions" (Fig. 1), who lead a *suovetaurilia* (the classic sacrifice of a boar, a ram and a bull) to the slaughter, while two others carry a cock and a large wine-vessel. On the left wall a third procession of "Lions," carrying a cake, a vessel and a cock are preceded by a "Lion" with a burning candle and a bundle of candles in his left hand. They are halted before a dark-blue grotto in which Mithras and Sol partake of a sacrificial meal before ascending to heaven. They are served by two initiates, one of whom wears a Raven mask. Because this meal, in the opinion of Christian writers, was an imitation of the Last Supper, the Christians of the fourth century A.D. destroyed these paintings with axes. In consequence, we can now see some parts of the earlier layer of paintings, which date from 195 A.D. These earlier paintings contain, as far as we are able to tell, three processions likewise, but differ from the later in that the sacred meal and the *suovetaurilia* are omitted. But—and this is most interesting—above and between these paintings are inscriptions which give us

(Continued above.)

ROMAN PARALLELS FOR WALBROOK—FROM THE AVENTINE MITHRÆUM.

Continued.
for the first time the opening lines of Mithraic hymns sung by the community. Considerable parts of these have been read and still more will become legible when the Soprintendenza or the Instituto del Restauro succeed in lifting off the 225 A.D. layer. During different seasons of work we excavated three side rooms, all of which have benches along the walls. The middle chapel (II.) is divided into a central aisle leading to a raised painted niche, before which a vase had been built into a raised platform. This certainly served for purification rites, as well as Chapels I. and III. In August 1954 we entered a small room, a sacristy, immediately to the left of the great cult-niche in the sanctuary itself. On the floor we found many fragments of stucco from the decoration of the cult-niche, which had been smashed by the Christians during the destruction of the sanctuary. Near the entrance a remarkable stucco head of Serapis (Fig. 15) was found. It is very similar to the marble Serapis head found in the London Mithræum. But the Rome head belongs to a large reclining statue (Fig. 14), the lower

(Continued below.)



FIGS. 8-10. THREE VIEWS OF A REMARKABLY FINE MARBLE STATUETTE OF DIONYSUS, FOUND IN CHAPEL III. (SEE FIG. 7) NEAR THE NICHE. IT IS OF THE SAME SIZE AND IN THE SAME STYLE AS A MARBLE TORSO FOUND RECENTLY IN THE WALBROOK MITHRÆUM.



FIG. 11. A PLASTER HEAD OF MITHRAS, SHOWN WITH CAST-UP EYES. THIS HEAD WAS FOUND DURING THE FIRST EXCAVATION, IN 1935. PROBABLY PART OF A BULL-KILLING GROUP.



FIG. 12. A DAMAGED BUT STILL VIVID MARBLE HEAD OF A BOY. THE CAST-UP EYES, LIKE THOSE OF FIG. 11, WOULD SEEM TO SUGGEST THAT IT PORTRAYS AN INITIATE.

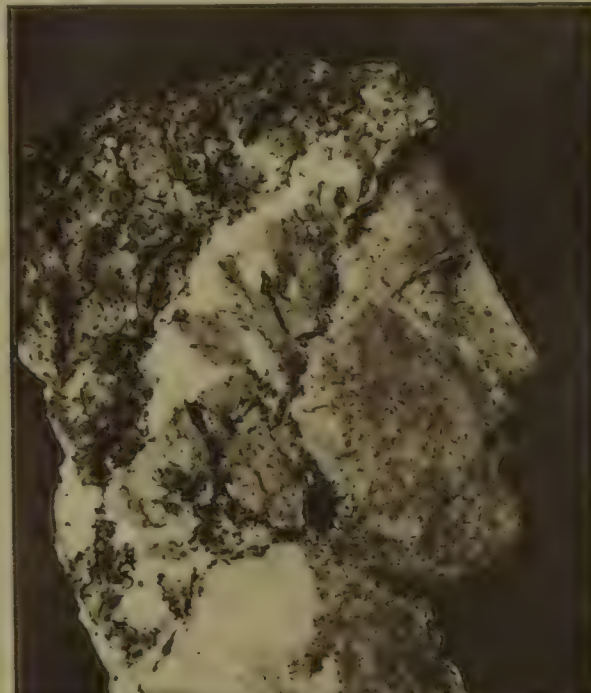


FIG. 13. A FINE STUCCO HEAD OF THE GODDESS VENUS ORIGINALLY PART OF THE CULT-NICHE. WORSHIPPED IN THIS CONNECTION AS THE GODDESS OF THE PLANET.

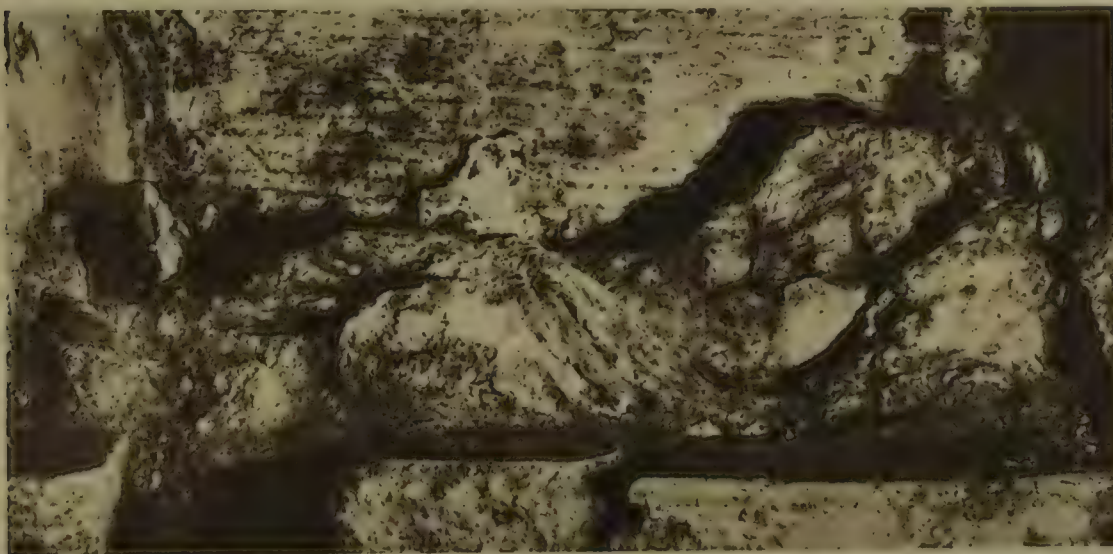


FIG. 14. THE RECLINING FIGURE IN THE SANCTUARY NICHE OF THE AVENTINE MITHRÆUM (FIG. 4). THERE IS A LEAD PIPE IN THE LEFT SHOULDER, AND PROBABLY WATER FLOWED THROUGH INTO A PURIFICATION VESSEL BELOW.

Continued.
parts of which were wrapped in a purple mantle, and which adorned the sanctuary niche. Both arms are missing, but in the left shoulder is a lead tube; and it would seem that he held in his upraised left arm a vessel from which water spouted into a large basin standing before the niche. Another interesting find is a large gilded right hand, which, like that found in the Walbrook Mithræum, holds part of a rod, perhaps an oar or part of a cornucopia. The head of the Rome Serapis is covered with a blue veil, and so has the appearance of a water-god—called in Mithraic inscriptions Oceanus—but, at the same time, he carries the characteristic *modius* of Serapis. He is present at the principal events of Mithras' life—his birth from the rock and his killing of the bull. Both these scenes are shown on the walls of the niche. Of representations of Mithras himself, a head (Fig. 11) and many fragments were found in 1935; a second head had been thrown into the sacristy and was found in 1954. Other heads had been pushed into jars along one wall of the sacristy or thrown into corners: a beautiful head of Venus (Fig. 13), part of a head of Mars (?), and part of a head with a crown of leaves which once formed part of the decoration of the border of the grotto-like niche.

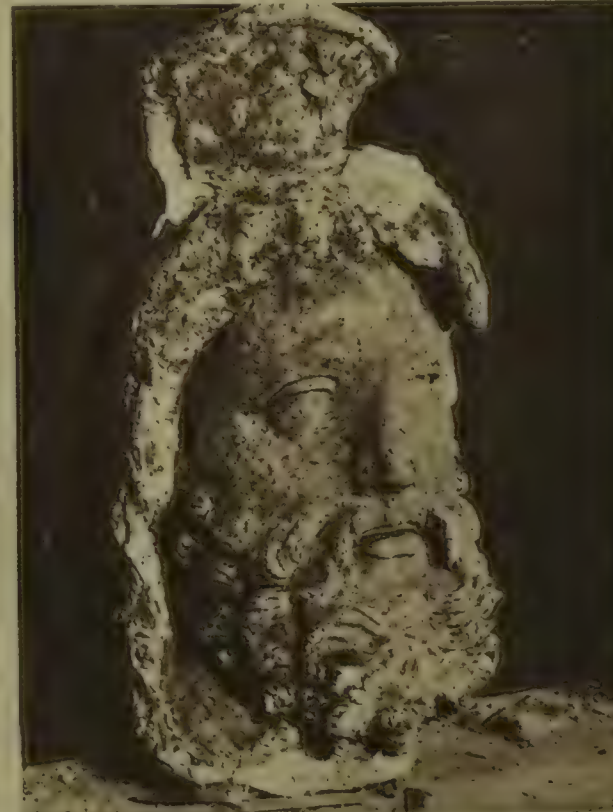
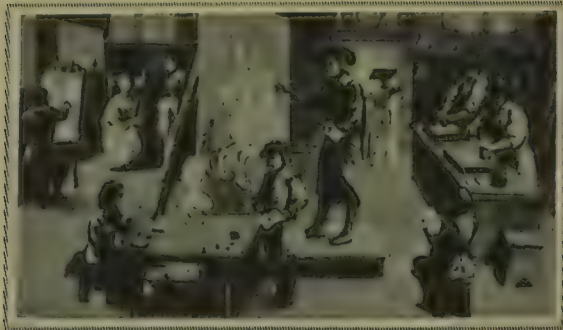


FIG. 15. A PLASTER HEAD OF SERAPIS, RECENTLY DISCOVERED AND BELIEVED TO BE PART OF THE RECLINING FIGURE (FIG. 14). FROM THE SAME ORIGINAL AS THE WALBROOK SERAPIS.



I COMMEND to you a peculiarly fascinating exhibition, partly because the cause is more than worthy, partly because the things in it are in the main intrinsically fine, and partly because, to anyone with the slightest imagination, they provide interesting sidelights upon the history of the past. Church plate



FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. PETROC, BODMIN, CORNWALL: A WINE-CUP, c. 1520, ONE OF THE SILVER TREASURES FROM ENGLISH CHURCHES IN THE EXHIBITION OF ECCLESIASTICAL PLATE OF DOMESTIC ORIGIN AT CHRISTIE'S IN AID OF THE HISTORIC CHURCHES PRESERVATION TRUST. (STAMPED WITH THE INITIALS "I.W." OF A MID-CORNWALL SILVERSMITH.) Height, 7½ ins.

The wine-cup has a plain, hemispherical bowl, and a spreading foot with a corded band at the junction of the bowl. The border is stamped with a repeating pattern of foliage; and the bowl and stem are engraved with bands of strapwork and foliage. The silversmith's initials are also found on four other Communion cups of standard Elizabethan form in the neighbourhood of Bodmin.

is a study by itself and has attracted the attention of many amateurs; at the same time, the average man has been a trifle shy about it, feeling it to be rather outside his experience. But all these pieces—157 in number—were originally made for secular purposes, and were presented to churches up and down the country by the pious, and sometimes by the not so pious, either by gift or by will. Consequently, many of them have no obvious ecclesiastical character, but are just the normal fashion of their time. The show is to be seen at Christie's until the 30th of this month, and the 2s. 6d. entrance fee goes to the Historic Churches Preservation Trust, so that, in a way, the original donors will be helping to preserve the buildings for which they made their gifts. And what strange or tragic circumstances are evoked by some of them! Here is a little beaker given to that remote moorland church in Yorkshire, Haworth. The date is 1593, and it must have been familiar enough to all the Brontë family, who probably—for their remarkable minds did not seem to work in that direction—did not in the least appreciate it. A famous and noble cup and cover from Cirencester has a personal and lamentable history. The cover is surmounted by a falcon holding a sceptre with a rose-tree at the front on a circular root—the personal badge of Queen Anne Boleyn. There appears to be no reason to connect her with Cirencester, and the following is the theory which seems to provide the most likely explanation. Dr. Richard Masters, physician to Queen Elizabeth I., was given the lands of the Abbey of Cirencester in 1565. The Queen may have given him this cup, inherited from her mother, and he, in his turn, gave it to the Church. The date is 1535, and the unusual and graceful design is found in Venetian glass of the period. A pair of candlesticks, with octagonal baluster stems and tripod bases, from Bristol Cathedral take one back 250 years to a time when private individuals

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FROM PROFANE TO SACRED.

By FRANK DAVIS.

could indulge in private wars under licence, as we should phrase it to-day, from the Board of Trade. They were given to the cathedral by the Town Clerk, John Romsey, as a thanks-offering for a successful privateering expedition. In 1708 he had become part-owner of two ships which sailed to the West Indies and returned in 1711, after sacking three towns and capturing thirteen Spanish vessels. They brought back with them also a passenger, whose name will be remembered long after that of Romsey and his associates have been forgotten—Alexander Selkirk, better known, thanks to the talent of that born story-teller Daniel Defoe, as Robinson Crusoe. It was doubtless a profitable venture, for the worthy Town Clerk paid £114 for his candlesticks, a large sum for those days.

It is next to impossible to track down the comparative value of money throughout the centuries; we do know, however—this generation as well as any—that money rarely buys as much as it did in great-grandfather's salad days, so perhaps G. Skydmore, a prosperous Oxford butcher, who died before 1478 and whose name is scratched beneath the base of a wine-cup belonging to Marston, near Oxford—the village which gave its name to the Battle of Marston Moor in the Civil War—was, in fact, making quite a handsome present (I mean in terms of cash) when, at a cost of £2 3s., he gave it to the Church. The catalogue, learned and lively, by Mr. A. G. Grimwade, reveals much that very few of us would be able to deduce for ourselves. It would appear, for example, that gifts of plate to churches during the eighteenth century were not very frequent. A few good eighteenth-century examples are in the exhibition, including a plate by Paul de Lamérie, which is thought to be the only secular example by this justly celebrated craftsman in church possession. When such gifts were made they seem to have consisted mainly of pieces dating from earlier centuries—that is, pieces which, by eighteenth-century standards, were old-fashioned and of no account, and therefore good enough for the Church.

I am reminded of an old custom in parts of Brittany, fifty years ago. Whenever there was a glut of plums and humans and pigs had been more than satisfied, pious parishioners would present the surplus to M. le Curé, thereby salving consciences, fulfilling obligations and acquiring merit. Hence the local name of "*les prunes de mon Curé*." No doubt similar acts of charity have been performed quite often in all countries and in every age. We have to remember that our own appreciation of very early silver is of comparatively recent growth; even in the middle of the nineteenth century very few people thought much of a cup made in the sixteenth century or earlier. Such things would look vaguely ecclesiastical, and it would be reasonable enough if a nice cup turned up in a box in the attic to present it to the Church; it would seem out of place in a private house, even though it had been made originally for a secular purpose. It may well be (though I don't know the exact circumstances) that the beautiful Tazza, known as the Arlington Tazza, made in London in 1532, which was bought by the

Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths for their collection in 1953—as noble a piece of silversmith's work as you can imagine—was presented to the church at Arlington, in Devon, during the nineteenth century just for that reason.

More obviously ecclesiastical to the eyes of later centuries were the early seventeenth-century cups with pointed finials—the fashionable thing in the reign of James I. and known then, and since, as "steeple-cups," and it is not surprising to learn that there are more than forty such cups in country churches:



RESEMBLING THE FOUNDERS' CUP OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE: AN EXTREMELY RARE AND INTERESTING STANDING CUP AND COVER, PARCEL-GILT, FROM LACOCK, WILTS. (UNMARKED; c. 1450.) (Height, 13½ ins.)

Decorated at the top and base with gilt crestings of Gothic foliage, this magnificent cup has a plain, hemispherical bowl with gilt lip and spreading stem, and a gilt spreading circular foot. The cover is of conical form with a cresting of Gothic foliage similar to the foot and surmounted by a large ball finial with gilt corded centre rib and small stalk above.

among several in the exhibition there is a splendid example from Bodmin, dated 1617 and 25½ ins. in height. The religious fanaticism of the sixteenth century accounted for the destruction of vast quantities of Church plate, and the gaps were filled from about 1570 onwards by the production of great numbers of Communion cups of a more or less standard pattern, which, of course, have no place in this show, and by the purchase or gift of secular pieces. Odd gifts for this purpose are a barber's cupping-bowl and two-handled porringers. It seems that in the north, rather than in the south, beakers were often used instead of cups, and Mr. Grimwade suggests a parallel to Protestant practice in Holland, where, in the seventeenth century, the beaker became the standard form of Communion cup. If there is anything in this suggestion—and it seems reasonable enough—it can perhaps be explained by the close commercial contact which existed between northern ports, such as Newcastle and Hull, in the second half of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries—a contact which, I believe, is by no means forgotten to-day, for, unless I have been wholly misinformed, the Lord Mayor of Hull and the Burgomaster of Rotterdam exchange official visits every alternate year.

Such liturgical minutiae—beaker or cup—can assume extraordinary importance during periods of sectarian strife, however curious the distinction may appear to ordinary mortals. Indeed, looking at the nice little beaker from Haworth, I am beginning to wonder whether it may not, after all, have had some special significance for the Brontë sisters, who, for women of authentic genius, were extraordinarily narrow in their outlook and, when they went to Brussels, to M. Heger's school, expressed their horror in very definite terms at finding themselves among Catholics. But there is no end to these speculations, and every other of these exhibits is liable to set me off gossiping, whether about pirates or beheaded queens or Victorian novelists. The real point is that this is an exhilarating show and well worth your half-crown.



RANKING AS PROBABLY THE FINEST EXAMPLE OF ENGLISH SILVER CANDLESTICKS KNOWN: ONE OF A SILVER-GILT PAIR BELONGING TO HARTHILL, YORKS. WITH ORIGINAL LEATHER CASES. (MAKER'S MARK I.B., A CRESCENT BELOW; 1675.) Height, 13½ ins.

The candlesticks have an octagonal form with broad spreading bases and knobs chased with acanthus foliage. The baluster stems with similar applied foliage, and the deep-fluted sockets with scalloped projecting borders.

ONE OF A REMARKABLE PAIR OF SILVER CANDLESTICKS, GIVEN TO BRISTOL CATHEDRAL IN 1712, ABOUT WHOSE INTRIGUING HISTORY FRANK DAVIS WRITES ON THIS PAGE. (MAKER'S MARK OF GABRIEL SLEATH.) (Height, 21½ ins.)

Costing £114 when presented to the cathedral, the candlesticks have octagonal baluster stems with faceted sockets and large scroll tripod bases, each leg with an applied oval shield engraved with the arms of the See of Bristol, those of Romsey and two ships respectively.

THE ARMOURS OF ROBERT DUDLEY, EARL OF LEICESTER.



FIG. 1. PURPLE WITH GILT ENGRAVED BANDS: A DRAWING FOR A SUIT OF ARMOUR, NOW LOST, WORN BY THE EARL OF LEICESTER.



FIG. 2. ONE OF THREE SUITS OF ARMOUR KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN POSSESSED BY ROBERT DUDLEY, EARL OF LEICESTER (1532-1588), NOW IN THE ARMOURIES OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

LIGHT ON A NEW ACQUISITION OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.



FIG. 3. HAVING GILT BANDS OF RAGULY AND GUILLOCHE AS IN THE HUNTINGDON PORTRAIT BELOW: ANOTHER DRAWING OF THE ARMOUR.



FIG. 4. A PRINT OF A PORTRAIT BY ZUCCHERO (1543?-1609) OF THE EARL OF LEICESTER WEARING AN ARMOUR SIMILAR TO THAT PRESERVED IN THE ARMOURIES OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.



FIG. 5. RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE ARMOURIES OF THE TOWER OF LONDON: A PORTRAIT OF HENRY HASTINGS, 3RD EARL OF HUNTINGDON (1535-1595), IN A SUIT OF ARMOUR WHICH ONCE BELONGED TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, THE EARL OF LEICESTER.

The Armouries of the Tower of London have recently acquired, with the help of the National Art Collections Fund, an interesting portrait of Henry Hastings, 3rd Earl of Huntingdon (Fig. 5). Apart from its interest as representing a notable Elizabethan, it is a valuable addition to the National Collection as showing a splendid armour known to have been made in the Royal Workshops at Greenwich for his brother-in-law, the famous Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, favourite of Queen Elizabeth I. This armour, decorated with gilt bands of raguly and guilloche ornament and having on the elbows the Warwick badge of the bear and ragged staff, is now lost. It is depicted, however, in an album of contemporary drawings in the Victoria and Albert Museum, recording armours made at Greenwich and bearing the name of Jacobe, the Master Workman (Fig. 3).

The picture is inscribed "Anno Domini 1588; Aetatis suae 52," the year Leicester died. It is probable, therefore, that Huntingdon inherited the armour from his brother-in-law and without delay had himself painted in it although he had no claim to the badge which appertained to the owner of Warwick Castle. Leicester is known to have possessed two other armours, one of which is also depicted in the Jacobe Album. This was a purple armour with narrow bands of etched gilding, and no longer survives (Fig. 1). The third armour is to be seen to-day in the Tower Armouries. This, too, has the Warwick badge, and also the collars of the Garter and the French Order of St. Michael (Fig. 2). The original of Zuccherò's portrait of the Earl of Leicester (Fig. 4) formerly belonged to the Duke of Sutherland at Stafford House, and is now destroyed.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE Mountain Avens, *Dryas octopetala*, is at once one of the most interesting and most beautiful of the Alpine plants native to Britain. It appears to be widely

distributed in Alpine and Arctic regions of the Northern Hemisphere, and in the districts of its adoption it is often extremely abundant. Elsewhere, so definite are its views as to where it wishes to live, it is not merely extremely rare—it just does not occur.

And yet if you bring it to your garden it is quite easy to establish and to grow and will flourish in any reasonably decent soil, and at any altitude, or lack of altitude, even in the southernmost parts of England. In the extreme north, in Sutherland, I have found *Dryas*, sheets of it, growing at little above sea-level, but though I have for long known of several of its Yorkshire habitats, I have never had the good fortune to have a chance of going to see it in flower there.

In the Alps I have frequently found the Mountain Avens growing by the million and by the acre, sometimes in fine, lawn-like mixed herbage—gentians, geums, potentillas, antennarias, and the rest at altitudes of 5000, 6000 and 7000 ft. But quite often it grows on coarse screes and stone slides, when it seems to be one of the first plants to colonise on these barren, recently-formed slopes of broken rock, piled at the base of precipices.

Strictly speaking, *Dryas octopetala* is a shrub, or sub-shrub, and as such is included in Bean's "Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles." The plant forms a hard, woody root-stock, with prostrate trailing woody stems, forming a close nest of much-branched shoots often several feet across. The leaves, which are about an inch long, look extraordinarily like tiny, crinkled oak leaves, dull green above and silvery, with close white down on the underside. And then the flowers in June or July. They look like some exceptionally beautiful anemone, close upon two inches across, with a circle of eight or ten snow-white petals and a central brush of golden anthers, each blossom carried on a two- to three-inch stem. Later, the flower-stems lengthen to 5 or 6 ins., with a fluffy, feathery seed-head like *Anemone vernalis* or *A. pulsatilla*.

I seem to remember finding *Dryas octopetala* growing most frequently on limestone formations, though in the garden the plant seems to be quite indifferent as to whether it gets lime or not. All it

asks in the rock-garden—for that is the best and most appropriate setting for it—is full sun and a raised, well-drained position. For some reason or other the plant is inclined to be shy-flowering in cultivation compared with what it often does in the wild, but what the reason is I can not say. It may perhaps be a question of diet—a lack of lime or some other soil ingredient or condiment. I rather think

MOUNTAIN AVENS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

that too fat living on too rich a soil may have something to do with lack of flowers. But *Dryas* fortunately is an attractive thing even without a single blossom showing, so close-growing and hard-bitten is its appearance, especially when carpeting a small, rounded, sugar-loaf tump in the rock-garden. A well-flowered specimen is a triumph of quiet, refined beauty. Now and then semi-double varieties of *Dryas octopetala* have been collected in the wild, forms with an extra circle of petals. My son has a

detracting from the charm.

Reginald Farrer wrote about forms of *Dryas octopetala* reported to have been collected on Monte Baldo and in the Engadine with blossoms which opened a very soft shell-pink flush. Twice I have visited Monte Baldo, on one occasion with Farrer, but not a suspicion of shell-pink did I find amid vast quantities of the white-flowered type which flourished there, and never have I met

such a form in cultivation in this country, although in the past Monte Baldo was ransacked for many years by a most industrious professional Italian plant collector. One would have expected that he would have sent such a desirable-sounding novelty to this country if its pink really had been—pink.

There is a delightful miniature form of *Dryas octopetala* in cultivation which comes from Arncliffe Clouder, in Yorkshire. This is a really distinct variety, an exact replica of normal *Dryas* reduced by half, and I am inclined to think that it produces its enchanting pigmy blossoms more freely in captivity than is usual with type *D. octopetala*. A couple of years ago I planted a young pot specimen of this miniature *Dryas* at the edge of a "sink" rock-garden, and already it has spread forward and spilled down the side to a distance of a foot or more, producing a modest crop of blossoms as it went. The "sink," I should explain, is no sink at all, but a huge stone Saxon coffin which was found locally and given to me a few years ago.

Dryas octopetala is, as I have suggested, quite easy to grow, and it is easy to propagate, though almost impossible to collect as a wild plant. It may be raised from seed—though seed is not to be found at the nearest seed shop round the corner. Cuttings are really the best bet, short side-shoots, 4 or 5 ins. long, pulled off with a heel from the main stems of a growing plant in August and set in a pan of silver sand in a cold frame will soon root and make useful youngsters for planting out later. Another method of obtaining plants of *Dryas octopetala* is, of course, to buy them from an Alpine plant nursery. A delightfully simple technique, and if you have no rock-gardening friend from whom you could scrounge a few cuttings, a nursery will probably be the best solution for making a start with this delightful mountain plant.

Dryas drummondii, an American species with yellow flowers, sounded wonderful to me in the days when I was buying experience—100 years ago, or less. Alas, the flowers never opened and so never displayed their golden charms. The hybrid *Dryas x sundermannii*, which is a cross between *D. octopetala* and *D. drummondii*, was little better. True, it opened its flowers, but only to show that the petals starting the palest pale yellow soon faded to the palest off-white.



"ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING AND MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE ALPINE PLANTS NATIVE TO BRITAIN": THE MOUNTAIN AVENS, *DRYAS OCTOPETALA*, WITH FLOWERS "LIKE SOME EXCEPTIONALLY BEAUTIFUL ANEMONE, CLOSE UPON TWO INCHES ACROSS, WITH A CIRCLE OF EIGHT OR TEN SNOW-WHITE PETALS AND A CENTRAL BRUSH OF GOLDEN ANTHERS." (Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.)



"THE LEAVES, WHICH ARE ABOUT AN INCH LONG, LOOK EXTRAORDINARILY LIKE TINY, CRINKLED OAK LEAVES, DULL GREEN ABOVE AND SILVERY, WITH CLOSE WHITE DOWN ON THE UNDERSIDE." THE FLOWERS ARE CARRIED ON TWO- TO THREE-INCH STEMS, WHICH LATER "LENGTHEN TO FIVE OR SIX INCHES, WITH A FLUFFY, FEATHERY SEED-HEAD LIKE *ANEMONE VERNALIS* OR *A. PULSATILLA*." (Photograph by D. F. Merrett.)

specimen now, descended from a plant which was discovered and collected in the Alps by the late Ernest Ballard. The natural wild single type is so beautiful, so perfect in its balanced simplicity, that any "improvement" by doubling might be thought to be no improvement at all. In this case, however, the partial doubling gives the flowers a slightly added importance without in any way

RECIPIENTS OF AWARDS: MEN AND WOMEN IN THE NEW YEAR'S HONOURS.



DESIGNATED A COMPANION OF HONOUR:
CAPTAIN H. F. C. CROOKSHANK.
Lord Privy Seal since 1952 and Leader of the House of Commons since 1951, Captain Crookshank has been Member for Gainsborough since 1924, and was Minister of Health, 1951-52, and Postmaster-General, 1943-45.



CREATED A BARON: SIR ARNOLD GRIDLEY.
Member for Stockport, 1935-50, and for Stockport South since 1950, Sir Arnold Gridley is honoured for political and public services. He was chairman of the Conservative and Unionist Members' Committee, 1946-51. A portrait of Dr. Adrian, who is also created a Baron, appears on page 42.



CREATED A BARON: SIR WILLIAM FRASER.
The chairman of the British Petroleum Company, formerly the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, Sir William Fraser is also a director of Burmah Oil Co. and of the National Provincial Bank. He has been Hon. Petroleum Adviser to the War Office since 1935. He was born in 1888.



DESIGNATED A COMPANION OF HONOUR:
THE REV. HUGH MARTIN.
Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council, 1952-53, Dr. Martin was Director, Religious Division, Ministry of Information, 1939-43, and Vice-President of the British Council of Churches, 1950-52. He is the author of theological books.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR:
MR. WILLIAM CHARLES CROCKER.
The President of the Law Society in 1953, Mr. Crocker was admitted a solicitor in 1912, and served in World War I. with the Artists' Rifles, and in the 4th Dorset Regiment, and was awarded the M.C.



DESIGNATED A D.B.E.:
AIR COMMANDANT NANCY SALMON.
The Director of the Women's Royal Air Force since 1950, Air Commandant Salmon joined the W.A.A.F. on its inception in March, 1939. She was A.D.C. to King George VI. from 1950-52 and was appointed A.D.C. to the Queen in 1952.



DESIGNATED A D.B.E.:
AIR COMMANDANT ROBERTA MARY WHYTE, R.R.C.
The Matron-in-Chief (Air Commandant) of Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Nursing Service since 1952, Air Commandant R. M. Whyte trained at King's College Hospital, 1923-28, and joined Princess Mary's Royal Nursing Service in 1929.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR:
MR. LEONARD SINCLAIR.
Chairman and managing director of Esso Petroleum Company, Mr. Sinclair was born in 1895. He joined the Anglo-American Oil Co. (now Esso) in 1908 as a junior clerk and, after war service, gained rapid promotion.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR:
MR. BASIL HENRIQUES.
The vice-chairman of the National Association of Boys' Clubs and chairman of the East London Juvenile Court, Mr. Basil Henriques is honoured for services to youth welfare. He is the author of "The Indiscretions of a Magistrate," etc.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR:
PROFESSOR W. E. LE GROS CLARK.
Professor of Anatomy, Oxford University since 1934, Professor Clark was Professor of Anatomy at St. Bartholomew's, 1927-29, and at St. Thomas's, 1929-34, and from 1952-53, President of the Anatomical Society.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR:
MR. GORDON RUSSELL.
Director of the Council of Industrial Design, Mr. Gordon Russell was born in 1892, and has carried out pioneer work as a designer for industry for the last thirty years. He became a director of the Council in 1947.



DESIGNATED A D.B.E.:
MISS ELIZABETH COCKAYNE.
The Chief Nursing Officer, Ministry of Health, Miss Elizabeth Cockayne, was matron of the Royal Free Hospital before joining the Ministry in 1948. She began her nursing career when eighteen; and became a matron at twenty-nine.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR:
REAR-ADMIRAL M. S. SLATTERY (RET.).
Chairman and managing director of Short Bros. and Harland, Belfast, Rear-Admiral Slattery was Vice-Controller (Air), Chief of Naval Air Equipment, Admiralty, and Chief Naval Representative on Supply Council, Ministry of Supply, 1945-48.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR:
MR. ALFRED ROBERTS.
A trade union leader, Mr. Alfred Roberts, General Secretary of the National Association of Card, Blowing and Ringroom Operatives, has been designated a Knight Bachelor. He is one of the ablest leaders the cotton workers have ever had.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR:
MR. HENRY SPURRIER.
Managing director of Leyland Motors, Mr. Henry Spurrier was formerly general manager of the Company, founded by his father, the late Mr. Henry Spurrier. He was President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders from 1952-53.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR:
PROFESSOR J. E. NEALE.
Astor Professor of English History, University of London, since 1927, Professor J. E. Neale was Creighton Lecturer, University of London, in 1950. His books on Tudor England are famous.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: SOME OFFICIAL OCCASIONS, AND OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST IN THE NEWS.

SEEN BY MISS JANET FRASER & TEN OTHER WITNESSES FROM "HALF-WAY" TEA HOUSE, AULTSAYE, SEPTEMBER 22ND, 1933, 11AM. (FROM A DRAWING MADE UNDER HER SUPERVISION)



SEEN BY MR. A. ROSS, PIER MASTER AT TEMPLE PIER, DRUMNADROCHIT, EARLY IN AUGUST, 1933



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH ON THE FACING PAGE: TWO SKETCHES OF THE LOCH NESS "MONSTER" DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF WITNESSES.

In *The Illustrated London News* of January 13, 1934, we reproduced some drawings by our artist, G. H. Davis, of the Loch Ness "monster." These were all sketched by witnesses and drawn by our artist under their supervision. Two of these drawings are reproduced again (above), one showing the head, and the other the body of the monster, for comparison with the striking photograph of a formation of sea lions at Whipsnade (on the facing page), which bears such a remarkable resemblance to a long, humped monster.



INSTITUTED BY ROYAL WARRANT LAST JUNE: THE FIRE BRIGADE LONG SERVICE AND GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL, SHOWING THE OBTVERSE AND REVERSE.

The designs for the obverse and reverse of the Fire Brigade Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, which the Queen instituted by Royal Warrant last June, were recently released and are shown above. The obverse bears a crowned effigy of the Queen, designed by Mr. Cecil Thomas. The reverse, designed by Mr. Paul Vincze, shows two firemen handling a hose and bears the inscription "for exemplary fire service."



DURING HIS RECENT SIX-DAY STATE VISIT TO SIAM: KING NORODOM SIHANOUK OF CAMBODIA (LEFT) WITH KING PHUMIPHOL ADULDEJ OF SIAM (RIGHT).

On December 15 King Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia arrived in Bangkok for a six-day State visit to King Phumiphol Aduldej of Siam. The visit was interpreted as being part of Siam's anti-Communist policy of forming closer ties with her neighbours. When King Norodom left, he had a Siamese air force escort to the frontier.



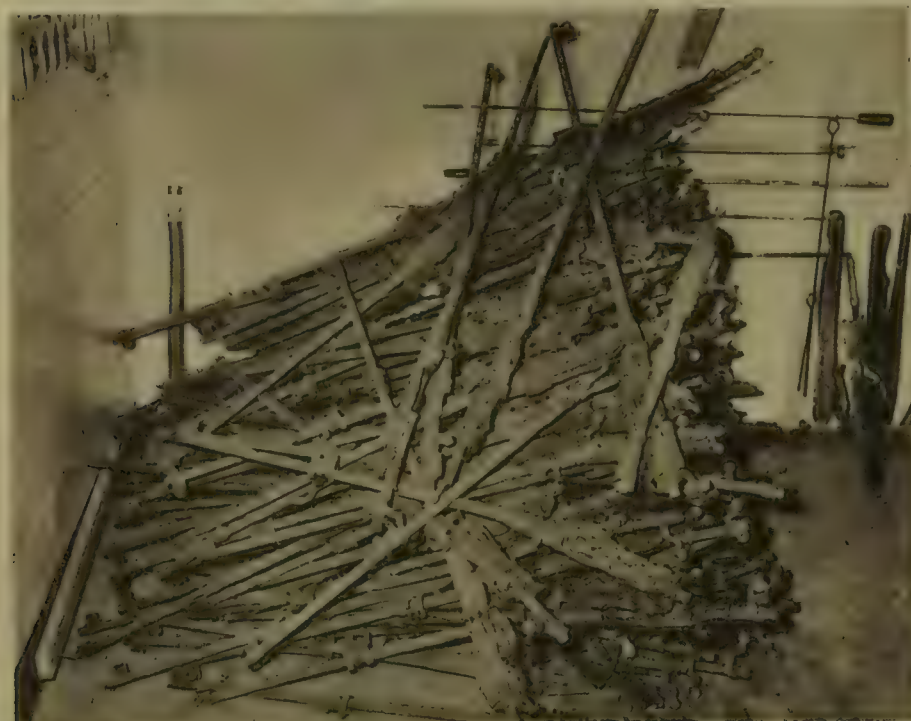
THE POPE'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AFTER HIS RECENT ILLNESS: HIS HOLINESS BLESSING THE CROWDS IN ST. PETER'S SQUARE ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

The Pope made his first public appearance after his recent illness when he appeared at the window of his apartment to give the pontifical blessing to the crowds gathered in St. Peter's Square at noon on Christmas Day. On Christmas Eve he broadcast a short message from his private apartments in the Vatican.



SETTING THE NEW GENERATOR STATIONS IN MOTION: H.H. THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR SEEN OPENING THE NEW ZANZIBAR POWER-STATION.

H.H. the Sultan of Zanzibar recently opened the new Zanzibar power-station, which provides the island with its first A.C. electric power supply for both industrial and domestic use. All the equipment for the new power-station has been manufactured in Britain by The English Electric Company.



A DUMP WHICH THE MAU MAU MIGHT HAVE USED: PART OF A CONSIGNMENT OF RIFLE AND MACHINE-GUN BARRELS RECOVERED NEAR NAIROBI.

Some 500 rifle and machine-gun barrels were recently recovered near a European house not far from Nairobi after an attempt had been made to set the house on fire. Luckily the dump was not found by the Mau Mau, as most of the weapons could have been used after cleaning. It was reported that the owner of the house had bought them in 1949 for 10s., with the intention of using them to reinforce a concrete bridge but had later abandoned this plan and had dumped them.



OPENING THE SCHOOLBOYS' OWN EXHIBITION FROM THE SHELTER OF A "FLYING SAUCER": MR. JOHN BOYD-CARPENTER, THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT (CENTRE).

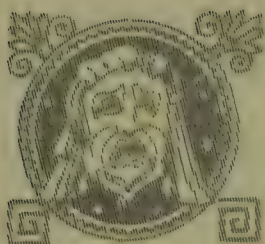
On December 31, Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, the Minister of Transport, opened the Schoolboys' Own Exhibition at the Horticultural Halls, Westminster. He performed the ceremony from the shelter of a "flying saucer," an exhibit of the Electrical Development Association. In this photograph Sir Harry Brittain can be seen on the right of the "flying saucer," listening to the Minister's opening speech. The exhibition, which is now 28 years old, will continue until January 13.



THE "LOCH NESS MONSTER" REVEALED! A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE SEA LION ENCLOSURE AT WHIPSNAD; SHOWING FOUR SEA LIONS SWIMMING IN FORMATION AND BEARING A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE TO A LONG, HUMPED MONSTER.

Ever since the first reports of the presence of a mysterious "monster" in Loch Ness many ingenious theories have been advanced purporting to solve the riddle. One of the suggestions has been that seals in the Loch proceeding in line-ahead formation give the appearance of an animal with humps—especially from a distance.

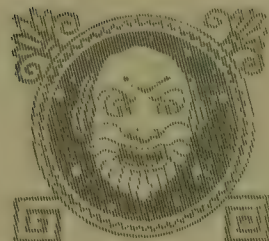
This striking photograph, though not taken at Loch Ness, may perhaps lend support to this suggestion. It was taken at Whipsnade Zoo by Mr. S. Hewitt Pitt, and shows a number of sea lions approaching a feeding-point in formation, with only the leader's head visible above the water.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

ALERT AND LIVELY.

By ALAN DENT.



WITH the compliments of the season and an unprecedented minimum of fanfare Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sprung a delightful surprise over the holidays with the film called "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers." Maybe because of the circumstances, there has been a general tendency to overpraise this offering. It is not the best musical-comedy film ever made. It has no single overwhelming personality like that of Ethel Merman in "Call Me Madam," and its tunes have certainly nothing like the bounce and vigour of Irving Berlin's score for "Annie Get Your Gun."

But "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" is nonetheless a film that induces an immediate and lasting mood of exhilaration. We are in the State of Oregon in the year 1850, and the eldest of seven shaggy, red-headed brothers has just travelled to the nearest township to find a wife who will manage his household and mother his brothers. The marriage is automatic and spontaneous, and he does not tell his wife anything about the existence of the brothers until she meets them face to face. They are called, in order of age, Adam, Benjamin, Caleb, Daniel, Ephraim, Frank, and Gideon. We learn that they were given these names, in alphabetical order, out of the Bible, though Frank had to be invented because "there was nothing in scripture under F."

The little bride, delightfully played by the diminutive Jane Powell, has the task of turning a wretched shack into a tidy farmstead and of taming and trimming the seven brothers into seven tidy farmers. This she does, and the process is completed by the six younger brothers coming to realise Adam's immense advantage in having a wife; and consequently going to the township to secure six wives with something of the same drastic force with which the Romans of old abducted the Sabine Women. A redeeming touch of bucolic poetry about the whole business is explained

The one is new, the other old enough to have been relished, in the form of "Trilby," by our grandparents. Both are commendable and enjoyable. "Carrington, V.C.," adapted directly from the play by Dorothy and Campbell Christie, is a straightforward account of a military court-martial. A

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



AFTER THE BARN-RAISING: THE SEVEN HUSKY BROTHERS IN "SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS" (M.-G.-M.), WHICH OPENED AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, ON DECEMBER 23.

Our critic, Mr. Alan Dent writes: "Led by the six-footer Howard Keel, who looks handsome and sings handsome these seven brothers in search of seven brides make up—rolled into one—my choice for the happiest performance of the past fortnight. They are delightful in their wooing, their singing and their square-dancing. A character at the outset calls them 'seven slumpy backwoodsmen,' and their eventual taming and grooming by Jane Powell, who marries the eldest, and by six other fetching girls, is the main concern of this irresponsible and tuneful film at the Empire, Leicester Square."

distinguished officer, played with distinction by David Niven, has helped himself to some money which the Army owes him, and is exposed by a superior officer (Allan Cuthbertson) who is his enemy. Carrington's wife (Margaret Leighton) might have saved him from the worst consequences of his foolhardiness by submitting a telling piece of evidence in his favour. But she withholds it on account of a spasm of jealousy about her husband's passing affair with a girl who is a captain attached to the same regiment (Noelle Middleton).

The playing of all the actors I have mentioned is of sterling merit, and one would particularly instance Mr. Cuthbertson's performance—brought over from the play-version—of the inimical Colonel, who loads each of his monosyllabic replies during the court-martial with its own kind of significance. He is a cad and a liar and yet, oddly enough, he is possessed of his own kind of integrity. He could not be better acted. It must be said, too, that the

two women are far more tellingly presented than they were in the stage-version.

For "Trilby," which has now become "Svengali," we shall always have an affection, whatever they may do to it. And just in case any innuendo may be suspected in me, let me say here and now and straight out that the makers of this film have done little damage to George du Maurier's dear old story of the beautiful Irish model whom the bearded demon, Svengali, turned into a great soprano by the sheer power of hypnosis. Dorothea Baird was seen in the first stage-version of "Trilby" quite ten years before I saw the light. In due course of time and in my earliest teens, the novel was placed in my hands by a dearly beloved aunt with a particular recommendation to enjoy Trilby's well-differentiated friends, the Scot called "The Laird," the Welshman called "Taffy," and the Englishman called "Little Billee" whom du Maurier drew so well both with pen and pencil. In my later teens I saw the stage-version with a good melodramatic actor called Charles Garry as Svengali and an admirable singing Trilby in Phyllis Neilson-Terry.

Now comes a film which is hardly likely to send anybody back to the faded old book, but is equally unlikely to vex or offend those, like myself, who will always be attached to it. A young actress who is very much more middle-European than Irish, Hildegard Neff, gives us a handsome shot at Trilby and has her serious singing done for her in the background by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. That potent melodramatic actor, Donald Wolfitt, has the time of his life as the evil Svengali, from his very first word to his very last gesture. His first word, by the way, is:—"I am a genius, Monsieur!" and his last gesture is to clutch the curtain of his box at Covent Garden and collapse with a heart-attack. How often we have seen Mr. Wolfitt similarly clutch the stage-curtain with his right hand while taking his bow, like a giant exhausted, after delivering himself of Lear or Iago or Macbeth! His Svengali is not less likely to remain in the recollection of posterity.

For the rest, Little Billee has been very



A STRAIGHTFORWARD ACCOUNT OF A MILITARY COURT-MARTIAL ADAPTED DIRECTLY FROM THE PLAY BY DOROTHY AND CAMPBELL CHRISTIE: "CARRINGTON, V.C." (REMUS PRODUCTION), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH MAJOR CARRINGTON (DAVID NIVEN) CROSS-EXAMINES HIS WIFE, VALERIE (MARGARET LEIGHTON), DURING HIS COURT-MARTIAL. (WARNER THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, DECEMBER 10. GENERAL RELEASE: JANUARY 10.)

by the fact that that fine writer, the late Stephen Vincent Benét, has provided the plot. It is that of his novel, "The Sobbin' Women." The pun is irresistible. But the amount of sobbing done by this septet of pretty girls is negligible to the point of non-existence.

Two films made out of successful plays have been among the most acceptable of the other Christmas offerings. These are "Carrington, V.C." and "Svengali."

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"HARDLY LIKELY TO SEND ANYBODY BACK TO THE FADED OLD BOOK ['TRILBY'], BUT EQUALLY UNLIKELY TO VEX OR OFFEND THOSE... ATTACHED TO IT": "SVENGALI" (GEORGE MINTER PRODUCTION), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH TRILBY (HILDEGARDE NEFF) SINGS HER FIRST TRUE NOTE UNDER THE SPELL OF SVENGALI (DONALD WOLFIT), WHILST GECKO (DAVID KOSOFF) PLAYS THE NOTE ON THE VIOLIN. (GAUMONT, HAYMARKET, DECEMBER 23.)

happily entrusted to Terence Morgan. But it must be allowed that the red-bearded Taffy is not easily distinguishable from the red-bearded Laird. Speaking personally—which is, after all, the only way one can speak—I could not tell t'other from which. They were, for example, much less well-differentiated than those seven red-bearded brothers who went a-wooing in that jolly musical comedy which has begun the New Year so happily.





DANCING ON THE CROWDED "SEA-BED" BENEATH THE GAZE OF STRANGE UNDERSEA CREATURES DESIGNED BY MR. RONALD SEARLE: A SCENE AT THE NEW YEAR'S EVE CHELSEA ARTS BALL AT THE ALBERT HALL. THIS YEAR THE SET-PIECES FLOATED SAFELY ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE REVELLERS.



MIDNIGHT IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS: PART OF THE DENSE CROWD WHICH GATHERED IN THE BEST-KNOWN CIRCUS IN THE WORLD TO GREET THE NEW YEAR WITH SONGS, STREAMERS, CHEERS AND DANCING. EROS WAS PROTECTED BY 12-FT.-HIGH BOARDING, AND THE LAMP-POSTS WERE GREASED.

LONDON BIDS A GAY WELCOME TO 1955: SCENES AT THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL; AND IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

The crowd which gathered in Piccadilly Circus to greet 1955 was one of the biggest for years. Arc lights lit the scene as thousands of people crowded the pavements and roadways and brought traffic to a standstill. As the hour of midnight struck, four chefs released several hundred balloons from the roof of a restaurant and thousands of strangers linked hands as they sang "Auld Lang Syne" and other choruses. High boarding protected Eros from the more enthusiastic members of the crowd, and the lamp-posts were

smeared with grease as a precautionary measure. At the Albert Hall dancers in fancy dress greeted the New Year in the traditional manner at the Chelsea Arts Ball, which had as its theme "The Seven Seas." The Ball was described as being rather quieter than usual, and perhaps one of the reasons for this was that the set-pieces—strange undersea creatures designed by Mr. Ronald Searle—were suspended safely above the heads of the revellers and were not wheeled round the ballroom to be eventually torn to pieces.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

By J. C. TREWIN.

CERTAINLY one should ring in the new year with a cheerful peal. It would be dismal to waste too much time during the first week of this glad New Year in elaborating what has worried me in the Christmas theatre. We must come to it; but, first, the happier things. And, first among these, the Water Rat.

I know that "Toad of Toad Hall" depends upon "the popular and successful Toad," and I doubt whether anyone could swell more persuasively, and with more innocent pleasure, than Leo McKern at the Princes Theatre. This Shakespearean from Stratford-upon-Avon expresses everything that Kenneth Grahame said of Toad: "So simple, so good-natured, and so affectionate. . . . It may be that he is both boastful and conceited. But he has got some great qualities, has Toady." Good; that is the bouncer to the life. But who says it? Grahame, in "The Wind in the Willows," puts it into the mouth of the Water Rat; and Ratty is among my favourite characters in literature, a fellow I have loved since I was able to read the passage in the first few pages of "The Wind": "Believe me, my young friend, there is *nothing*—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats."

Ratty hates to disappoint people. He befriends the Mole. He listens to the great tales of the Sea Rat, the Adventurer. He sings the song of the ducks:

... Ducks are a-dabbling.
Up tails all!

He has my hand and my heart, and it is a relief to find, at the Princes, that he is in the care of William Squire, unpretentiously right, never trying to make a comic-strip animal of Ratty, but keeping him always as kind and gay as he ought to be. He, Toad, and that grave, headmasterish Badger (Brewster Mason) rise most clearly in the play that A. A. Milne eased with so much suppleness out of the Grahame fantasy. Some of the other characters are shadow-shapes, and the production is apt to be catch-as-catch-can. But its pictures please the eye; the Fraser-Simson score is like the glint and gleam, chatter and bubble of the River; and Mr. McKern, Mr. Squire, and Mr. Mason are just what we have wished. My only regret is an

Still, the Water Rat is with us; and he is one of the memories I take from Christmas into the New Year. Another is of a more sinister personage, Captain James Hook of Eton and Balliol, the oily-curved pirate who lives in that Never-Never Land, where ships lie among floe and berg while pineapples flourish on the shore. Hook is a very devil of a fellow, and Richard Wordsworth, at the Scala, has a devilish leer, a pretty relish for a slice of rich, damp cake. All correct there. What troubles me in this golden



"NOW RESTORED TO US UNDER THE MOON": THE LAGOON SCENE IN "PETER PAN" (SCALA THEATRE), WHICH HAS BEEN REVIVED FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR OVER TWELVE YEARS. MISS BARBARA KELLY INTERPRETS THE GOLDEN JUBILEE PETER PAN AS "A BRISK TOMBOY WITH NO HINT OF OTHER-WORLDFLINESS."

jubilee year of "Peter Pan" is Peter himself, according to Barbara Kelly a brisk tomboy with no hint of other-worldliness. He flies, but he cannot soar. I am resolved not to dwell upon disappointment, so let me say simply that Miss Kelly can manage the "awfully big adventure" line in the Mermaids' Lagoon scene, now restored to us under the moon; and that John Fernald has freshened the production of the play. We have hoped so long for a "Peter" imaginatively lighted, newly-set (Fanny Taylor has devised the settings), and textually—but carefully—trimmed. At the Scala we get these pleasures; and if the Peter is not my own idea of the part, he will probably satisfy anyone who does not look for the moon's other side.

I feel that Eric Maschwitz (librettist) and George Posford (composer) were seeking the other side of the moon when, with Arnold Ridley, the original author, they tried to make "The Ghost Train" into a musical comedy. Those who have lingered in that waiting-room at Fal Vale station while the ghost train clatters past, will lift an eyebrow at my news that "Happy Holiday" (Palace) is wrapped round the core of the old piece, and yet becomes "a new Christmas show of fun, mystery, and song." For this transformation the train has to run in the Highlands; the period has to be early-Edwardian; a girls' finishing school has to become

involved in the business; and there have to be at least three incidental "dreams"—one of them an Arabian Night—that get us away, for twenty minutes or so, from the waiting-room of Auchterlonie Junction. It is quite unsophisticated, and hardly a precious stone among English musical comedies. But I shall think of it for at least two reasons—the way in which Peter Cotes has got the fantastic business upon the stage, and the properly forthright acting of Edmund Willard as the Stationmaster who (whether in charge of Fal Vale or Auchterlonie) has always stolen the piece.

His Ghost Train speech goes with me into the New Year. So does one scene from "Jokers Wild" (Victoria Palace). It is a Crazy Gang revue, loud and sprawling, though the Gang does not now spill into the stalls and does confine itself to the stage and to a box that it has always chartered. This time, though the jokes are as slap-happy as ever—observe the rough-and-tumble called "British Railways," with the Gang as carriage-cleaners—there is one passage of an odd and mellow charm. Call it a rope-walk, or rope-dance, for the Gangsters, who appear as monks in the setting (a very proper setting) of a belfry. I shall remember this, and also one or two of the splendidly precise manoeuvres of the Tiller Girls. Bud Flanagan is getting to look more and more like a large and crumpling celluloid bear. He leads the Gang through mazes that it will probably be treading next Christmas. Do we wish it already a happy 1956?

At the Saville we get the kind of revue that, usually, I prefer; this time it hardly comes off. It is called "Pay the Piper." Laurie Lister, who knows all about these things, has devised it. Unluckily, it loiters: the librettists need to quicken their wit, and there is no one in the cast with a dominating personality. In New Year goodwill, I shall recall an operatic Doris Waters (have you ever tried to explain the plot of "The Ring" concisely?), and a despondent Desmond Walter-Ellis as a Wimbledon umpire who cannot stand lawn-tennis. For their sakes, and for the hurtling songs of Elisabeth Welch, "Pay the Piper" is not altogether to be disregarded.

"There was more fooling yet, if I could remember it," said honest Casca. But my aim now is to find a piece that will get Ratty, Toad, Captain Hook, Mr. Willard's Stationmaster, Mr. Walter-Ellis's umpire, and perhaps (for a scene) Bud Flanagan, into the compass of one variegated night. Instead of counting



"THE JOKES ARE AS SLAP-HAPPY AS EVER—OBSERVE THE ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE CALLED 'BRITISH RAILWAYS,' WITH THE GANG AS CARRIAGE-CLEANERS": "JOKERS WILD"—SHOWING A SCENE FROM JACK HYLTON'S 1955 CRAZY GANG REVUE AT THE VICTORIA PALACE WITH (L. TO R.) JIMMY NERVO, CHARLIE NAUGHTON, TEDDY KNOX, BUD FLANAGAN AND JIMMY GOLD.

old one: that Milne could not fit in the Sea Rat, bold fellow in whose tales we catch an echo of Kenneth Grahame's Cornish experience—both at Fowey ("the little grey sea town" with the pink tufts of valerian, and the schools of mackerel that flash and play past quayside and foreshore) and farther down south ("deep-sea fishings . . . and mighty silver gatherings of the mile-long net").

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"TOP NOTE" (Arts).—A rather pallid musical evening. (December 15.)
 "ARABIAN NIGHTMARE" (Watergate).—Witty rhymed couplets in a "pantomime for parents." (December 16.)
 "JOKERS WILD" (Victoria Palace).—The Crazy Gang galumphs again. (December 16.)
 "BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS" (Olympia).—Once more the Big Top. (December 17.)
 "INTIMACY AT EIGHT-THIRTY" (Criterion).—New numbers for this needed intimate revue. (December 17.)
 "PUSS IN BOOTS" (Fortune).—Nicholas Stuart Gray's tale has imagination and taste. (December 20.)
 "PAY THE PIPER" (Saville).—A revue that should be driven faster. (December 21.)
 "THE GREAT LEVANTE" (Embassy).—Magic in Swiss Cottage. (December 21.)
 "HAPPY HOLIDAY" (Palace).—The ghost train thunders through a musical comedy. (December 22.)
 "MOTHER GOOSE" (Palladium).—The traditional Christmas spectacle. (December 22.)
 "TOM ARNOLD CIRCUS" (Harringay).—All we ask of a circus. (December 23.)
 "PETER PAN" (Scala).—Golden Jubilee year; a shining new production. (December 23.)
 "TOAD OF TOAD HALL" (Princes).—Toad, Ratty, Badger and Mole on the river-bank. (December 23.)
 "NODDY IN TOYLAND" (Stoll).—An Enid Blyton gambol for lower age-groups. (December 23.)
 "DICK WHITTINGTON" (King's, Hammersmith).—Progress of a potential Lord Mayor. (December 24.)
 "HOGARTH PUPPETS" (St. Martin's).—Muffin and friends. (December 28.)



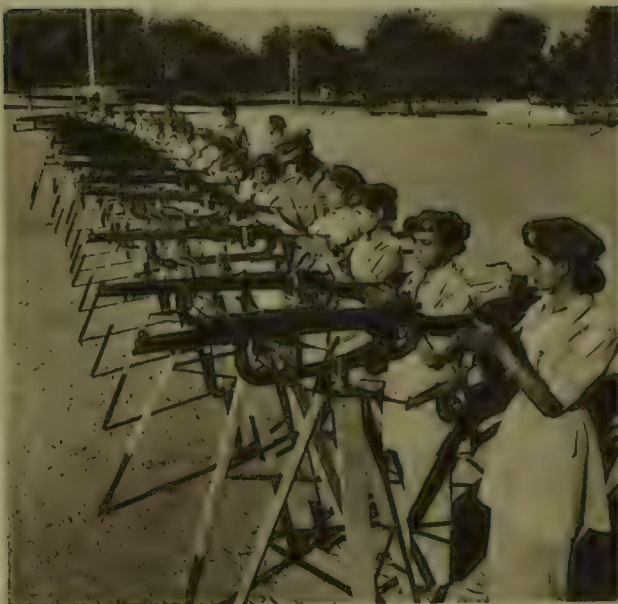
"WITTY RHYMED COUPLETS": "ARABIAN NIGHTMARE," A "PANTOMIME FOR PARENTS," BY JULIAN MORE, AT THE NEW WATERGATE THEATRE—THE FINALE SHOWING (L. TO R.) ROGER GAGE AS WOE, A PROPHECY; PENNY MORRELL AS SALAMI, A DANCING GIRL; GERALD CROSS AS DAME SITT-BADDELEY; VALERIE FRAZER AS PETER PANNING; NUNA DAVEY AS SLINKA BELLE; SONIA GRAHAM AS PRINCESS DODO; FRANK DUNCAN AS ALI-BABA-RE-BOP; MICHAEL ANTHONY AS LORD NUFFINK AND STAN THOMASON AS EDWARD G. CRUSOE.

sheep during any hours of insomnia, I shall devise a plot; and it must begin by the River that, said Ratty, "is brother and sister to me, and aunts, and company, and food and drink, and (naturally) washing." A happy New Year to you all. There is work ahead.

A WINTER MISCELLANY: NEWS
ITEMS FROM THREE CONTINENTS.



MINK COATS IN THE MAKING: CHANGING THE STRAW FOR 50,000 MINKS ON ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS MINK FARMS AT CARY, ILLINOIS. BETWEEN THEM THE 50,000 MINKS EAT 15,000 LB. OF MEAT AND FISH EACH DAY.



RIFLE INSTRUCTION FOR LADY OFFICER CADETS OF THE JUNIOR WING OF INDIA'S NATIONAL CADET CORPS, AT DELHI. THE GIRLS ARE RECRUITED FROM VARIOUS SCHOOLS AND TRAINED TO TAKE CHARGE OF THEIR SCHOOL CONTINGENTS.



NOT THE VICTIMS OF A MASSACRE, BUT THE LADIES OF THE PARIS OPERA, STATUES WHICH CARRY LIGHTING TORCHES, TAKEN DOWN FOR CLEANING AND CONVERSION FROM GAS TO ELECTRICITY.



SIR FRANK WHITTLE AS "SPACEMAN" AT A CHILDREN'S LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION. BOTH THE "BUBBLE" AND THE LADY'S CLOTHES ARE BY-PRODUCTS OF PETROL. The first of the Royal Institution's six school holiday lectures on "The Story of Petroleum" was given on December 28 by Air Commodore Sir Frank Whittle, the jet engine pioneer. The lecture was devoted to, and illustrated with, by-products of the petroleum industry, and a model, Miss Vergette (shown above), was dressed entirely in by-products of petroleum



CURLED TO THE LEFT AND TIED INTO POSITION: THE TAILS OF THE CAMELS OF INDIAN CAMEL CORPS TROOPS PARADED, DURING THE INSPECTION OF INDIAN ARMED FORCES BY PRESIDENT TITO OF YUGOSLAVIA AT DELHI, DURING HIS INDIAN VISIT ON DECEMBER 23.



AN UNUSUAL VISITOR TO THE NORTH-EAST COAST: AN EXCEPTIONALLY LARGE SQUID WHICH WAS WASHED ASHORE AT SCARBOROUGH. Squids washed ashore on the Yorkshire coast rarely or never exceed 18 ins. in length, but this specimen recently found at Scarborough is 3 ft. 7 ins. in length. At the date of writing its species had not been identified. It is here being inspected before being preserved at the Scarborough Natural History Museum.



THOUGHT TO BE BY PIERO DELLA FRANCESCO: A FRAGMENT OF FRESCO, SHOWING A SAINT'S HEAD, DISCOVERED AT SANSEPOLCRO, AREZZO. During restoration work in a former church at Sansepolcro, Arezzo, Italy (now used by a local musical society), this piece of fresco was discovered. The saint is dressed in a red robe with green sleeves and collar, and the work is widely attributed to Piero della Francesca. The lower part is damaged beyond repair.



AN EXPERIMENTAL WIND ELECTRICAL GENERATOR AT ST. ALBANS, WHICH IF SUCCESSFUL WILL BE ENTIRELY AUTOMATIC. This wind generator, developed by De Havillands, English Electric and Enfield Cables, is a steel tower 100 ft. high. The turning of the vanes creates a partial vacuum in the tower, which in turn sucks in air which turns a turbine. It is claimed a 30 m.p.h. wind will supply 100 kilowatts of electricity.

ROOTS THAT GROW UPWARDS, DOWNWARDS AND SIDEWAYS—IN LAND, SEA AND AIR: SOME PECULIARITIES OF THE MANGROVE.

By IRIS DARTON.

Mrs. Darton is a well-known ornithologist and world-wide traveller, who has contributed several interesting articles to "The Illustrated London News," including that on the Rock Citadel and Granite Portals of Yapahuwa, in Ceylon, published on December 20, 1952; and one on the Kaiteur Fall, in British Guiana, which appeared in our issue of July 7, 1951.

MANGROVES and tropical swamps are automatically associated one with the other in one's mind, the imagination possibly adding such details as snakes hanging from the branches, swarms of mosquitoes darkening the fetid air, and crocodiles lurking in the stagnant water among the tangled roots of the trees. And this is, on the whole, a true picture of a tropical swamp—although the snakes may be few and far between and the mosquitoes and crocodiles not always present.

In the Tropics, especially in the Far East, many thousands of acres are covered by mangrove swamps, those in Malaya, for instance, extending along the western coast in an almost continuous belt from Kedah to Singapore; this belt, covering an area of roughly 400 square miles, varying from a few yards up to twelve miles in depth, while most of the rivers are also lined with mangroves, in some cases up to 30 miles from the sea.

Mangroves, with their tropical background, have always held a great fascination for me, and although I have seen them growing in many of the remote places I have visited, it was not until I had seen these forests of the Far East that I realised not only how strange is the mangrove in its growth, but also how amazingly it is adapted to its environment, this adaptation being particularly in evidence in the varied formation of the roots and—having due regard to its watery surroundings—in the remarkable methods that some of the species adopt to ensure the successful growth and distribution of their seedlings. Many of the trees are most grotesque and weird-looking as in some species the roots branch downwards like multiple stilts from the trunk; other varieties are heavily buttressed, while others have their roots, like monstrous serpents, writhing for many yards along the surface of the mud. But to me the strangest roots of all were of a type known botanically as *Pneumatophores*, for these extraordinary growths reverse all one's preconceived ideas of what a root should do, for instead of growing downwards, they grow upwards into the air, protruding above the ground sometimes a foot or more, like long fingers. Some of these "fingers" are knobbly and blunt; others are thin, with pointed ends, but all have a most curious and mystifying appearance until one understands the purpose of their upthrusting growth.

The particular genus of mangrove which produces *Pneumatophores* is, in many cases, the pioneer of the other species in the formation of new plantations, and in the eventual clothing in vegetation of some desolate mudbank, which may well be several miles out to sea.

The seeds of this genus are waterborne and semi-viviparous, so enabling the plant to start into growth with great rapidity. These seeds, with the help of their hairy radicles, are able to withstand the shifting currents and the heave and surge of the tides. When once established, the young sapling produces horizontal, radiating roots, and from these spring a miniature forest of *Pneumatophores* which entirely surround the tree. These up-growing roots not only act in a sense as respiratory organs, but also retain

the mud and silt between their maze of up-thrust "fingers," thus eventually raising the level of the bank on which they grow, and so, in a comparatively short time, producing the right conditions for the rooting and establishment of other species of mangrove and mud-loving vegetation.



ILLUSTRATING A PECULIARITY OF THE MANGROVE: THE LONG, POD-LIKE ROOT OF A SEEDLING HANGING DOWN FROM THE SEED, TILL READY TO BREAK LOOSE AND BEGIN AN INDEPENDENT EXISTENCE.

"Some of the species (such as *Rhizophora conjugata*) are actually entirely viviparous, which means that the seed not only germinates within the fruit, but that the seedling starts into growth while the fruit still hangs from the tree. These seedlings, with their roots in some cases attaining over 3 ft. in length, hang like long, green pods from the parent branches until they are ready to break loose from the fruit. They then plunge into the water, their pointed ends burying themselves in the warm mud . . ." [Drawing by Iris Darton.]

But these *Pneumatophores* are by no means the only peculiarity of the mangrove, as some of the species (such as *Rhizophora conjugata*) are actually entirely viviparous, which means that the seed not only germinates within the fruit, but that the seedling starts into growth while the fruit still hangs from the tree. These seedlings, with their roots in some cases attaining over 3 ft. in length, hang like long, green pods from the parent branches until they are ready to break loose from the fruit. They then plunge into the water, their pointed ends burying themselves in the warm mud, where, rapidly producing lateral roots, the young plant soon becomes established. If by any chance a seedling is washed away before it can, in fact, take root, its buoyancy enables it to keep afloat, and eventually it may find itself carried far from the parent tree, to start perhaps a new colony on some distant shore. This truly extraordinary method of reproduction is chiefly adopted by those species of mangrove which grow in deep water and soft mud. When I was in Brunei last February the river between the sea and the Water Kampong of Brunei was lined with trees hung with their long, green, bean-like seedlings, these seedlings being so "ripe" that I had great difficulty in picking a branch for sketching purposes without the seedling dropping into the water.

Some varieties of mangrove, such as those I saw a couple of years ago when making my way up the Black River, in Jamaica, produce roots from all along their horizontal boughs. These roots were sprouting downwards in great sheaves, chiefly from the lower branches, but here and there an odd one was to be seen quite high up, pendulous, like some limp snake, and very obvious against the background of dark green, scintillating leaves. These roots, their ends curiously truncated, were extremely brittle, snapping between one's fingers at the slightest pressure.

The stilt roots already referred to are also very brittle when young yet, as they age, are so tough and strong that they can easily support one's weight. In some cases, the tap-root having rotted away, the bole of the tree actually stands clear of the ground, entirely supported and upheld by its surrounding circle of widely-arching roots—this circle being sometimes 20 ft. or more in diameter. Mangroves vary considerably in their habit of growth, some being like great bushes, while others are tall and slim, occasionally even soaring up to 100 ft. above the mud and water. The leaves, too, vary considerably in their shades of green, although they are usually highly polished, their glossy surface glinting like laurels in the sunlight. In Sarawak, the river between Kuching and the sea is bordered by a mangrove which reminded me very much of our willows in its colouring and appearance, especially when the upper branches bent in the breeze, making their light bluish-green leaves shiver and turn against the sky. In striking contrast to these willow-like trees and sharing their position

along the river's edge, were groves of that fantastic tropical exuberance, the Nipah palm, whose gigantic fronds, like stiff, upright plumes, spring directly from the water, these fronds often reaching up to 40 ft. in height. Beneath these Nipahs, when the tide recedes, companies of bright sky-blue crabs sun themselves on the exposed mud, while kingfishers of the same brilliant hue dart hither and thither in the hot sunlight.

In the tropical countries where it flourishes, the mangrove can be a valuable asset, as its astringent bark, known as Cutch, is much in demand for tanning, while the timber can also be utilised for building purposes, firewood and charcoal. In consequence, and especially so in Malaya, the mangrove forests are carefully preserved.



"FANTASTIC TROPICAL EXUBERANCE": A GROVE OF NIPAH PALMS, WHOSE GIGANTIC FRONDS SPRING DIRECTLY FROM THE WATER. In striking contrast to the mangrove which borders the river between Kuching and the sea in Sarawak and somewhat recalls the English willow in colouring and appearance, are the groves of "that fantastic tropical exuberance, the Nipah palm, whose gigantic fronds, like stiff, upright plumes, spring directly from the water, these fronds often reaching up to 40 ft. in height." [Photograph by Iris Darton.]

RISING DIRECT FROM THE SEA: MANGROVES, WITH AERIAL AND STILTED ROOTS.



WITH ROOTS SPROUTING DOWNWARDS IN SHEAVES AND HERE AND THERE ONE LONG ONE, PENDULOUS, AS A LIMP SNAKE: MANGROVES ALONG THE BLACK RIVER, IN JAMAICA.



MANGROVES STANDING ABOVE A MUDBANK ON THE NUMEROUS STILTED ROOTS CHARACTERISTIC OF SOME VARIETIES: A MANGROVE SWAMP IN BORNEO.



THE PROCESS OF FORMING A MUDBANK: A MINIATURE "FOREST" OF PNEUMATOPHORES, OR UP-GROWING MANGROVE ROOTS, WHOSE "FINGERS" HOLD THE MUD AND RAISE THE BANK LEVEL.

Mangrove swamps which border the coasts in the Far East rise directly from the sea. The mangrove, a term used to cover various species specially adapted to life in a marine swamp, has various peculiarities which are discussed in an article on our facing page. Their roots may be stilted or serpentine in growth, or in some species are of an up-growing kind and known as *Pneumatophores*. Their



ILLUSTRATING THE REMARKABLE CIRCLE OF PNEUMATOPHORES, OR ROOTS GROWING UPWARDS: A GROUP OF YOUNG MANGROVES IN CEYLON.

up-thrusting "fingers" hold the mud and silt in which they live and gradually raise the level of the mudbank. Some species are viviparous. The seeds germinate and start growth while the fruit still hangs on the tree; then drop like long, green darts, to root in the mud. If carried away by the current they may be washed up on some mudbank to start a new mangrove colony some distance off.



UNWITTING NURSERYMEN OF THE COUNTRYSIDE: SOME ANIMALS WHICH AID SEED DISTRIBUTION AND,

Although plants have many and varied devices for ensuring seed distribution—such as the parachute-like seeds of the dandelion, sycamore and ash—others require the unwitting co-operation of animals. There are yet other plants in which the spread of seeds is incidental, most examples of this having to do with seeds used as food. Some of the ways in which animals play their part in seed distribution are illustrated in this drawing. The burr-like fruits of the goose-grass, and others with hooked spines, cling to the wool or fur of animals, and may be carried on their coats for long periods

of time, or even long distances, before being shed to germinate in new soil. While we know that the fowls of the air "sow not, neither do they reap," they are, unwittingly, among the nurserymen of the countryside. Their widespread habit of cleaning the bill after feeding often results in seeds being wiped off the bill, and sooner or later, falling to earth. The mistletoe, semi-parasitic on large trees, could hardly extend its range in any other way. Linked with this, the mistletoe seeds themselves have sticky coats, so that when the bird eating the berries wipes its beak upon

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER.



IN MANY CASES, BY ACCIDENT ASSIST THE SPREAD OF THEIR OWN FOOD-PLANTS FOR POSTERITY.

the bark of a tree it is, as surely as the human gardener, if less consciously, planting for posterity. In a similar way, the great tit carrying off a nut and dropping it on the way, or the nuthatch, losing part of its spoils, is also taking part in this planting; while water-birds, and doubtless others, too, may carry seeds in mud on their feet. Here the husbandry is more random, since such birds do not necessarily carry away seeds of their own food-plants, but merely assist in the general seed dispersal. Seeds of many berries are also swallowed by animals and deposited in their droppings.

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.

Finally, there is the animal husbandry which is closely linked with the widespread habit of storing food. Hazel nuts left to themselves might be scattered slightly around the parent tree by the wind, but the squirrel's insatiable hoarding ensures that, singly or in groups, the nuts from a single tree shall be spread over a wide area. Jays also bury acorns, a staple food for them, over wide areas; while woodmice are inveterate hoarders, and it is not uncommon to find a pint or more of acorns, nuts or other seeds in their forgotten caches already germinating.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is notoriously blessed to expect nothing; it is the only prelude to a pure, uncovenanted thrill. Perhaps "The Scarlet City," by Hella S. Haasse (McGraw-Hill; 12s. 6d.), would have seemed less remarkable if I had felt just slightly hopefully of it *a priori*. Whereas, in fact, a historical novel of that name, about, or leading up to, the sack of Rome in 1527, by an unknown, outlandish-sounding author (though that was ignorance; the writer is no worse than Dutch, and, it would seem, far from obscure), struck me as the quintessence of the off-putting. Who could have guessed that the reality had such distinction and inwardness? It is not one of the big sensations in its class—not a vast canvas like "The World Is Not Enough," nor even a dramatic pageant like "The Forerunner." But it is all imagination and intelligence; all about persons, and the human spirit.

And just on that account, it is impossible to summarise. One can hardly say it has a plot. A world is breaking up—the gay, glowing, irresponsible, amoral world of Renaissance Italy. Most of the great in every sphere, statesmen, philosophers and artists, have already vanished. In Rome and Florence, though the external picture is the same, all is decay and chill. "Repent, the hour of divine judgment is approaching, do penance, great disasters will befall you"—Savonarola preached that thirty years ago, and before long the woeful crowds packing the churches are to see it happen. This is a setting for experience—but not for doing, which is disabled in advance. And most completely, indeed typically, in the central figure. He is a living symbol of retribution: because his name is Borgia, because he grew up with Cesare's bastards, and was a little duke, and became nobody and nothing. From boyhood, he has been weighed down with guilt, inferiority and self-importance—constantly searching for a pattern, for an aim in life, and always choked off by the riddle of his parentage. Is he a son of Cesare? ... is he twice Borgia, an "incurable disease"? ... is he the bastard of a lackey? Till he finds out for sure, he can be nothing. And he never will. ...

His two companion-figures are the squalid dung-cock Aretino, and the sad, gorgeous courtesan Tullia d'Aragana. Then there are the two public servants, Machiavelli and Guiccardini, helplessly corresponding to the crack of doom: and lastly the two noble spirits, Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna. These two have even less connection with the story, if there is a story; unlike the politicians, they have not even met; yet they are just as unmistakably a pair.

And they have all such depth of life. The sketch of Michael Angelo, who does nothing at all, and to whom nothing happens, is a true experience. And Giovanni Borgia's narrative includes a wonderful, wholly convincing, enigmatic portrait of Lucrezia in her last years—and then the nightmare sack of Rome.

OTHER FICTION.

"My Brother's Keeper," by Marcia Davenport (Collins; 15s.), is a good, solid chunk of reading, with the distinction concentrated at either end. I mean, it is all packed into the jumping-off point: the *fait divers* enigma of two brothers, well born, well educated and well off, who have spent thirty years in a huge, rotting, rat-infested house so stuffed with bundles of old newspapers and with assorted junk that weeks go by between the discovery of Seymour Holt—sitting as usual in his window, blind, paralysed and starved to death—and the emergence of the missing Randall, killed not ten feet away by one of his own booby-traps. Such things can be—we have all heard of them. How did it come about?

Well, as I said, it is a long story. It begins with Her—Grandmama Holt, the source of fear. She drove her timid daughter-in-law cracked, and ruled the two boys like a gaoler—so that upon her death, they were already branded. And even then, she had forbidden the sale of the house, and tied up their inheritance till middle age. Still they should be all right; in looks, intelligence and character they are above the norm. Seymour is a marine engineer, somewhat defiant and piratical, yet not at all a bad sort. Randall is going to be a concert pianist. But he is soft and timid, like their mother; his career falls through. ... and Seymour knows himself to be going blind. Then comes the duel over Renata Tosi. And after that, it is too late for everything. ...

"The Hero of Saint Roger," by Jerrard Tickell (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), is an engaging, expert little comedy-romance. It starts with a hurricane in the Caribbean. Everything on Saint Roger is smashed up; and yet all would come right, but for the malice of Saint Matador. This neighbouring island has improved on the disaster with such a crop of lies, such tales of a repellent skin disease, of sharks and snakes and imminent eruption, that not a tourist has been seen since. The island must react or starve; and Jules Latour, its cynical, devoted Prefect, decides on a war-hero as the counterblast. Luckily there is Jacques de Robot, its Pernod-tipping young aesthete, who made off in a dinghy and was drowned. Now he shall come home with *éclat*—mourned by a beautiful young girl, to be selected by the Prefect at a theatrical agency.

His choice falls on the hungry, innocent Gabrielle. Their fraud goes with a bang; but by the time they reach the island, it is no joke at all—and has become more genuine than they will ever know.

"Bones of Contention," by Edward Candy (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), follows "Which Doctor?" and I believe excels it, though in a more mannered vein. The scene is that agreeable backwater, the Royal College of Paediatricians—where the elderly Mr. Murivance has just acquired a skeleton out of the blue. At last he traces it to the malicious Dr. Paunceforth. Having discussed this with his orthopaedic surgeon, he goes back to the college and dies quietly. Paunceforth insinuates that it was suicide, prompted by Miles, the legatee; and Miles, during a call on the same surgeon, throws himself from a fourth-floor banister. ... But happily survives—and is removed, by the much-concerned Mr. Berringer, to his own nursing-home.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A QUAIN HISTORY OF ANIMALS.

MR. T. H. White has long been one of my favourite modern authors. He has done it again in "The Book of Beasts" (Jonathan Cape; 32s. 6d.). This wholly delightful book is a translation in free modern (sometimes almost slangy) English of the great Mediaeval Bestiaries. The Bestiaries, as Mr. White points out, were intended to be serious books on natural history. It is not surprising, however, that—shall we say—a twelfth-century monk, immured in a forest clearing in the Fenlands, cut off from other communities even a few miles away by a heaving mass of marsh and impenetrable forest, a rapacious baronage and lawless and desperate men, should have arrived at some quaint versions of the travellers' tales which had reached him—oh, so slowly—from the Orient of their origin. Nevertheless, as he points out, we would be wise not to sneer at the credulity of our forerunners.

A leading archaeologist, for example, wrote in 1895: "One of the most depraved of all races, the now extinct Tasmanians, believed that stones, especially certain kinds of quartz crystals, could be used as mediums or means of communications at a distance!" Within a generation everybody was listening on their crystal sets. In the same way, Dr. John of Gaddesdon claimed to have cured the son of Edward II. of smallpox by wrapping the patient in red cloth and by putting red hangings to the bed and the curtains. This was considered a jolly joke by the scientists, until in 1910 a Danish doctor discovered that red and infra-red light did in fact have a beneficial effect on smallpox. The translation from the mediaeval Latin must have been something of a trial, even to such an able mediaevalist as Mr. White. Whether, however, every don would approve of translating a passage about the parrot—"Ex natura autem salutal dicens ave vel here" as "It greets people of its own accord, saying 'What cheer?' or 'Toodle-oo!'" is another question! The author's footnotes are quite delightful, and I am indebted to him for the story about the late King George V.'s parrot Charlotte. "Charlotte loved the sea. In the *Britannia* at Cowes she was a centre of attraction, and her voice was continually heard shouting 'Where's the Captain?' And during the King's illness Charlotte spent hours disconsolately muttering the same question. She was the first visitor admitted during the King's convalescence: she danced with delight at again enjoying the companionship of her beloved friend, and immediately perched on his shoulder, calling out at intervals, 'Bless my buttons! Bless my buttons! All's well!'" I have only one criticism to make of Mr. White's book, and that is that among the strange and odd animals of twelfth-century natural history, he does not mention the Aullay, the enormous beast into which the evil Madame Mim changed herself during her terrible duel with Merlin in that most delightful of Mr. White's books, "The Sword in the Stone."

The influence of the *Physiologus* or *Bestiary* on misericords is, of course, well known. Misericords, the little tip-up seats to be found in the choirs of so many of our cathedrals and churches, enabled mediaeval monks to obtain some relief from standing throughout the long services. The carpenters who provided them were at liberty to carve what they liked on the under-side of the seats, which has resulted in an art form peculiar to the Middle Ages. As Mr. M. D. Anderson points out in "Misericords," a King Penguin Book (3s. 6d.), the carvers followed closely on the representations in the Bestiaries, which, in their turn, had a profound religious meaning in the moral lessons they set out to inculcate from the study of the animal kingdom. This little book, of which more than half is occupied by some fifty-odd plates, shows the wealth of imagination and exuberance of the mediaeval wood-carver. The falling Knight of Lincoln is, for example, a brilliant piece of realism, and must surely have inspired Tenniel as the original of Alice's White Knight. Some of the Misericords are (as, if I remember rightly, at Winchester) frankly pornographic, but the others range from simple scenes of mediaeval English domestic life to the fantasies of the Bestiary. This little book serves as an admirable appendix to Mr. White's scholastic work.

Skipping a few centuries we come to "Ben Jonson of Westminster," by Marchette Chute (Robert Hale; 18s.). Of all our poets and playwrights, Ben Jonson is one of the most lovable, and Miss Chute as a lively historian is admirably suited to her subject. Jonson was, for a long time, a member of the "Old Religion," and it was typical of him that, having endured all the severe disadvantages entailed by Catholic recusancy during the period after the Gunpowder Plot (in which he was closely involved), he should have become an Anglican just when the penal laws against the Papists were being relaxed. As Miss Chute remarks, he returned to the Anglican fold "with such enthusiasm that he drank all the wine in the cup when he attended his first Communion." It is not to be ungrateful to Miss Chute's scholarship to suggest that John Aubrey in a few pages gives us a more vivid picture of Ben Jonson and his times than she does in three hundred and forty-nine pages. For example: "Ben Jonson had one Eie lower than t'other, and bigger, like Clun, the Player; perhaps he begott Clun."

In Ben Jonson's time the little village of "Chelsey" was a delectable rustic spot well outside the teeming, intermittently plague-ridden walls of the City or of Westminster. Although I have lived in Chelsea for years, even to this day there are still odd corners, odd, charming little houses that I still find tucked away in this ancient gem in its modern setting. Mr. William Gaunt, that admirable art critic, was an inspired choice by Messrs. Batsford as the author of "Chelsea" (18s.). He takes us through the streets and the history of this—if a loyal inhabitant may say so—London anachronism, and it would be an unfeeling student of London who did not agree with him when he says: "Of the many villages that London has absorbed ... Chelsea is perhaps the most remarkable for strong local traditions and associations that have quite surprisingly outlasted or accompanied material change. It has been so intimately linked with the lives of a number of famous people that one might say its story is theirs—the story of Sir Thomas More, Sir Hans Sloane, Thomas Carlyle, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, James McNeill Whistler. ..."—E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

CONGRESS and tournament chess receives, to my mind, too much publicity in comparison with club or county chess. The latter brings together players of every class, even up to masters. There is in every generation a stratum of gifted players who decide early in their careers that chess is not going to take up the disproportionate amount of their time and attention involved in attendance at a congress, but who, throughout their subsequent existence in this world, throw into evening and Saturday chess an amazing amount of energy and skill.

About thirty players, who have qualified by tournament play during the previous nine or ten months, forgo to battle for the British Championship each year. It is no exaggeration to state that they could be matched with ease by another team of thirty, drawn from the ranks of those who had never indulged in congress chess at all, who could take them on in a set match and trounce them.

A recent County match, Middlesex v. Essex, brought together at second board opponents who happened to be old congress campaigners. I stress "happened to be" because, whereas the brilliancy of the play was in no way untypical of top-rank county chess, it was untypical that both were habitual congress players: on either side of them, probably, were people whose reaction to the idea of congress play (which means living—almost breathing—chess for a fortnight at a time) had always been "not for me!" The game they played:

R. G. WADE	J. PENROSE
White	Black
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3
2. P-QB4	P-B4
3. P-Q5	P-K4
4. Kt-QB3	P-Q3
5. P-K4	P-KKt3

This pawn-skeleton is natural to two well-known though very different openings: the Ben-Oni Counter Gambit and the King's Indian Defence. Black's troubles may be partly due to the fact that his subsequent strategy is at variance with normal procedure in either.

6. B-K2	B-Kt2
7. P-KR4	P-KR3

To answer 8. P-R5 by 8... P-QKt4 which would leave his own position as tidy, White's as untidy, as possible.

8. B-K3	Kt-R3
9. P-KKt4	P-R4
10. P-B3	Kt-B2
11. B-Kt5	Q-Q2
12. Q-Q3	

A most unusual and unexpected idea: to sacrifice a pawn so as to transfer his KB *via* Q1 to QR4.

12. ...	P×P
13. P×P	Kt×KtP
14. B-Q1!	P-R3

He had to take some measures against 15. B-R4. This, inviting an eventual Kt-QKt6, makes matters even worse. But what is there to do? 14... Castles, for instance, allows 15. B-R4, P-QKt4 (forced) 16. P×P (threatening 17. P-Kt6 winning the queen), Kt-K1; 17. P-Kt6, Q-Kt2; 18. B-QB6, etc.

15. Kt-R4	B-B3
-----------	------

Hoping for 16. Kt-Kt6, Q-K2; 17. B×B, Q×B; 18. Kt×R? Q-B7 mate. But by a quick change of front White wins a piece.

16. B×Kt	Q×B
17. B×B	Resigns

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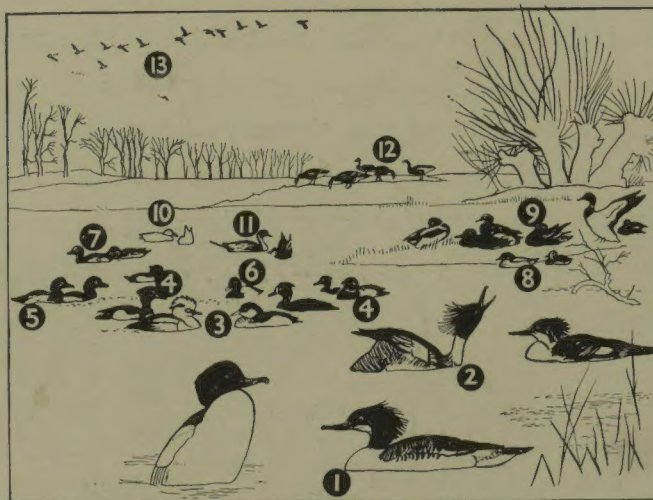
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JANUARY Wildfowl



Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder

IN THE MIDST OF WINTER some wildfowl begin their spring. Unexpected and graceful is the queer courtship of the ducks. Watch lakes and reservoirs where the migrants court and pair before the long flight north. Goosanders (1) and red-breasted mergansers (2) may go no further than Scotland, but the smaller, handsome smew (3), most often seen in Britain, perhaps, on the great reservoirs that serve London, is bound for its nest-hole in some forest-tree of Lapland or northern Russia. These three are 'sawbill' ducks, which dive for their fish. Also diving ducks are our native tufted duck (4) and pochard (5). A drake scaup (6), perhaps from Iceland, floats among the pack of tufted. The surface-feeding ducks spend much of the day asleep on the bank. Widgeon (7), teal (8), mallard (9), shoveler (10) and pintail (11) all nest in some part of Britain. Britain's two commonest wild geese are seen grazing on peaceful water-meadows, or moving, in skeins, to new feeding-grounds. The white-fronted goose (12) breeds in Western Siberia: nearly all the world's pink-footed geese (13) come from Iceland to winter in Britain.



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